The Outlook

FEBRUARY 16, 1921

MUNICIPAL TRANSPORTATION

FOR at least a year an acrimonious controversy has been going on in New York over the street and subway transportation system. In the meantime the street railways, the elevated, and the subways have deteriorated both in upkeep and in service. Some of the lines have gone into bankruptcy, some lines have been discontinued, and transfer points have been abolished. The managers of the lines have insisted that the only remedy is an increased fare. The Mayor of the city has fought the proposal for increased fare and in some instances has endeavored to supply the deficiency of transportation by establishing municipal bus lines. The owners of transportation bonds as well as the stockholders have believed that the Mayor and the city government have been trying to force the transportation companies into bankruptcy in order to establish a complete system of municipal ownership and operation.

Suddenly the air has been cleared by a message from the new chief executive of the State, Governor Miller. The main purpose of this rather unusual message is to declare that the only cure for transportation conditions, already inefficient and likely to become disastrous, is to have a complete and unified survey of all the transportation lines to find out exactly what is the cost of maintenance and operation; to co-ordinate and even to consolidate them into one unified whole; to transfer the ownership from private hands (presumably with fair compensation) to the municipal government; and then to have them operated by private enterprise, presumably under a system of rental and under regulation by a central governmental authority. In other words, Governor Miller advocates municipal ownership and private operation with politics eliminated.

If Governor Miller can eliminate politics from any municipal transportation system, he will be performing at this stage of American municipal civilization almost a miracle. And yet the general principles of his message we believe to be right. The only way in which a street or subway transportation system can be operated by a municipality is to have it done at a low rate of fare and the deficit of the operation made up out of the general tax fund. In a city the size of New York such municipal operation would mean the creation of a great body of city employees who would vote for high wages and low fares, thus making the draft upon the general tax fund very large. In an ideal city this method, which is the method we pursue in maintaining sidewalks and streets, might be theoretically desirable. In our judgment, we have not yet reached the stage of political evolution where it can be adopted without grave dangers. The Outlook has, however, for many years advocated municipal ownership and private operation under regulation. Perhaps this is the reason why we think Governor Miller's message has a good deal of common sense in it.

DEBS STAYS PUT

ALL law-abiding and patriotic citizens should commend President Wilson for refusing to commute the sentence of Eugene Debs.

Recently Attorney-General Palmer recommended that Debs be released, on the ground that the prisoner's health was poor and that friends had expressed the fear that he would not live out the sentence. The fact that Debs had an excellent record at the Atlanta penitentiary was put forward in his favor, and petitions signed by many thousands of Debs sympathizers were presented.

Debs is now at the Federal prison at Atlanta, Georgia, serving out a sentence of ten years, imposed for violating the Espionage Act. He has been in prison for about two years, and during that time has reiterated his belief in the principles for which he stood and which brought about his arrest and conviction. He attacked the Government's part in the war, and specially assailed the terms of the Selective Service Act, under which the Army was being raised. He was found guilty in September, 1918, and was sentenced. The fight to save him from prison was carried to the United States Supreme Court. In March, 1919, it upheld the conviction. In April of that year Debs was sent to Moundsville Prison, West Virginia, and shortly afterwards was transferred to Atlanta.

While in prison Debs was nominated for President and in the election last autumn polled about a million votes. He has been five times candidate of the Socialist party for President.

President Wilson, it is believed, refused to release him, first, because of the very serious nature of the charges proved against him, and, second, because of the defiant statements since his imprisonment. Such defiance would seem to accord ill with Debs's widely heralded gentleness. His appeals on behalf of Socialism, both spoken and written, have at times been distinctly ungentle. Nevertheless personal gentleness and fanaticism can occur in the same character.

VICTOR BERGER ESCAPES PUNISHMENT

IN permitting Victor Berger, former member of Congress, convicted of attempting to obstruct the United States in the war, to escape punishment the United States Supreme Court has not said, or even intimated, that he was not guilty. Victor Berger goes free because of what the ordinary man, untrained in law, calls a legal technicality. In his behalf Berger's counsel had submitted an affidavit averring belief that Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the trial judge, was prejudiced against Berger and some of his co-defendants. The Supreme Court has decided that this affidavit was sufficient, under the law, to bar Judge Landis from trying the case. There is nothing in the opinion of the Supreme Court as delivered by Mr. Justice McKenna to indicate that the Supreme Court shared the belief of the defendants that Judge Landis was prejudiced. All that the Court says is that the affidavit complies with the provisions of the law, which defines the circumstances under which the judge in a case "shall proceed no further therein, but another judge shall be designated." Briefly, then, Berger and the others who were charged with disloyalty escaped because they believed the Judge in the case was prejudiced and the Judge nevertheless tried their case.

The law which provided Berger and his associates with a loophole says: "Whenever a party to any action or proceeding, civil or criminal, shall make and file an affidavit that the judge before whom the action or proceeding is to be tried or heard has a personal bias or prejudice either against him or in favor of any opposite party to the suit, such judge shall proceed no further therein." It says, furthermore, that the "affidavit shall state the facts and reasons for the belief that such bias or prejudice exists." The facts alleged in support of this belief consisted of a statement attributed to Judge Landis denouncing Germany, the Germans, and German-Americans. Apparently there was no proof that Judge Landis used

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the language attributed to him. In fact, a transcript of Judge Landis's words was offered in evidence, and, to use the words of one of the dissenting opinions, it was "in marked contrast with statements of the affidavit." The words of the Judge were used in pronouncing sentence on a convict, in the course of which the Judge said that one such German-American did more damage to people than thousands of them could overcome by being good and loyal citizens, and that he was an illustration of the occasional American of German birth whose conduct has done so much to damn the whole ten million in America.

In this case there were two dissenting opinions—one by Mr. Justice Day, in which Mr. Justice Pitney concurred, and one by Mr. Justice McReynolds. Mr. Justice Day said that it did not seem to him that the conclusion of the Court comported with the requirements of the statute that reasons and facts must be set forth; and that it was fraught with danger to the independent discharge of duties by Federal judges. Mr. Justice McReynolds declared that the affidavit disclosed no adequate grounds for believing that personal feeling existed against any of the defendants; that the indicated prejudice was against "malevolents from Germany, a country then engaged in hunnish warfare;" that the words of the Judge showed "only deep detestation for all persons of German extraction who were at that time wickedly abusing privileges granted by our indulgent laws;" that "a public officer who entertained no aversion towards disloyal German immigrants during the late war was simply unfit for his place;" and that "while 'an overspeaking judge is no well-tuned cymbal' neither is an amorphous dummy unspotted by human emotions a becoming receptacle for judicial power."

Apparently, if Americans do not want defendants in the future to escape as Berger and his associates have escaped they will have to see that Congress changes the wording of the law that has been interpreted in this case.

INVADING CHILDREN'S RIGHTS

CHILDREN throughout the country should tell their parents to be on their guard against the invasion of playgrounds either by the local or the Federal government. Two cases which give point to this warning have occurred recently in New York City.

A few years ago the children of the upper part of the city became the richer by the acquirement of a playground in East 101st Street. It is the only playground in the neighborhood. It serves the five or six schools within accessible distance. It has a large daily attendance. It is open the year round. The Board of Education needed a site for a new schoolhouse. It was proposed to use this playground. The Parks and Playgrounds Association instantly opposed the project, and the Association's efforts, so it informs us, have met with such success that the Board of Education has now withdrawn from its willingness to accept the playground as a school site.

But the United States Government has not withdrawn its request to use part of the Jacob Riis Park at Rockaway Point, the only public park on the ocean frontage. Readers of The Outlook will remember the strenuous efforts of Mr. Riis and others to secure this property, which was appropriately named for him—the Jacob Riis Park. It comprises over 260 acres and cost $1,343,000. During the war the Navy, in the defense of the approaches to New York City, put up some buildings at one end of the park and later applied for the use of 190 acres for a naval air station. The request has now been reduced to 94 acres, which includes the property on which the navy buildings are located. The naval officials argue that the use of this property is necessary for the defense of New York City. There seems to be no reason, however, why the city's defense could not be equally well served by the acquirement of other property at Rockaway Point or even by the acquirement of property on Staten Island. The proposition appears to be an encroachment on the rights of the people. Not only is the Jacob Riis Park a present necessity, but twenty years hence, when the population of Greater New York will presumably have doubled, it will be a necessity to the Borough of Queens alone. It is to be hoped that the city will not surrender an inch of the property which belongs to its children. If the children were organized in such a Junior Municipality as has been recommended by "Daddy" George, they would have a chance to protect themselves and to make their just protests felt.

A CONSERVATION CREED FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE New York State Conservation Commission, under the leadership of Mr. George D. Pratt, Commissioner, has started a campaign among the young people of the State for the conservation of wild life and the preservation of all natural resources. It issues the following creed:

> I BELIEVE that "God has lent us the earth for our life. It is a great entail. It belongs as much to those who are to come after us as to us, and we have no right, by anything we do or neglect, to involve them in any unnecessary penalties, or to deprive them of the benefit which was in our power to bequeath." (Ruskin.)
>
> That, in a great democracy of free people, the protection of wild life and the preservation of all other natural resources, which underlie national prosperity and happiness, must depend finally, as does the stability of the government itself, upon the support and willing service of every citizen.
>
> I therefore declare my adherence to these principles, and enroll myself as an active Conservationist of the Empire State.

If this pledge is signed, with name and address, and mailed to the Conservation Commission, Albany, New York, the Commission will immediately return, postpaid and without charge, a rose gold-finished pin, which will identify the wearer as a Conservationist of the Empire State. With the pin will also be sent a Conservationist card containing the principles of the creed, designed for permanent keeping.

The Commission has already distributed about 10,000 of these emblems to people all over the State, and is at present especially interested in getting boys and girls enlisted in the cause. The instilling of the principles of conservation in this element of the State's population will no doubt prove an invaluable help to the movement in the future. Boy Scout organizations may appropriately take action in this matter and help on the movement.

ATHLETIC SCULPTURE

NOT every man's career is equally distinguished in science and art, as is the career of Dr. R. Tait McKenzie. He is a Canadian. He was educated at McGill University, Montreal. He was an honor man in athletics. He became a lecturer on anatomy in the Medical School. He also lectured on anatomy and art before the Montreal Art Association, at Harvard University, and at the St. Louis Exposition in connection with the Olympic lecture course there.

Seventeen years ago he accepted a call to the chair of Physical Education at the University of Pennsylvania. There he organized the medical examinations and developed courses in physical training.

In 1915 he volunteered for military service in the war. He rose to the rank of major in the R. A. M. C. His efforts for the reconstruction of disabled men established through his ingenious appliances for muscular re-education, became widely known.

Meanwhile he had been busy on the art side as well. Inspired by the examples of the nude constantly passing before him, he began to express himself in sculpture—in statuettes, in larger figures, in medallions, masks, plaques medals. He exhibited at the Royal Acad

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FOUR DIFFERENT OUTLOOKS

IN CARTOONS AS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

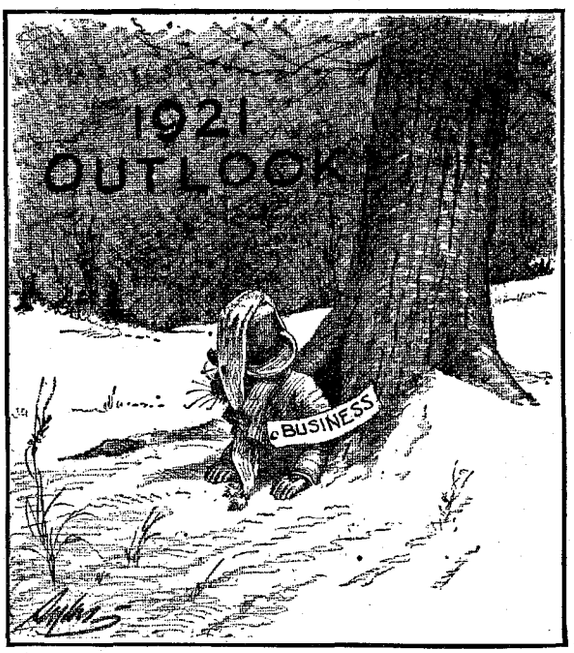
(See offer on page 280)

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

WELL, WELL, HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

From Frederick Eissler, Philadelphia

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



COME ON, 'BR'ER GROUNDHOG, LET'S GET AN EARLY START

From Charles Gillingham, Philadelphia

Darling in the Macon Daily Telegraph

WE DOUBT IF THE BEST MOTHER-IN-LAW IN THE WORLD WOULD BE MUCH OF AN ASSET ALONG ON THE HONEYMOON

From Grace E. McGowin, St. Simon's Island, Georgia

Thomas in the Detroit News

PICKING THE RIGHT CLUB

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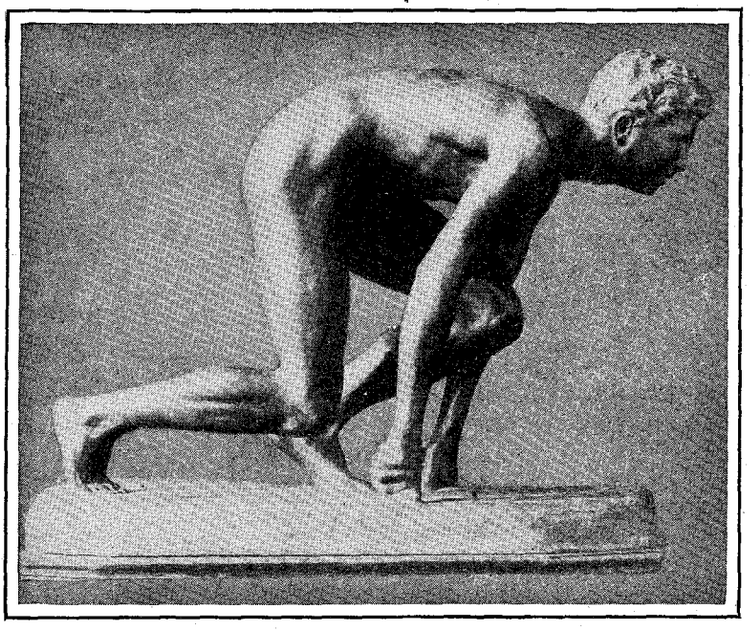

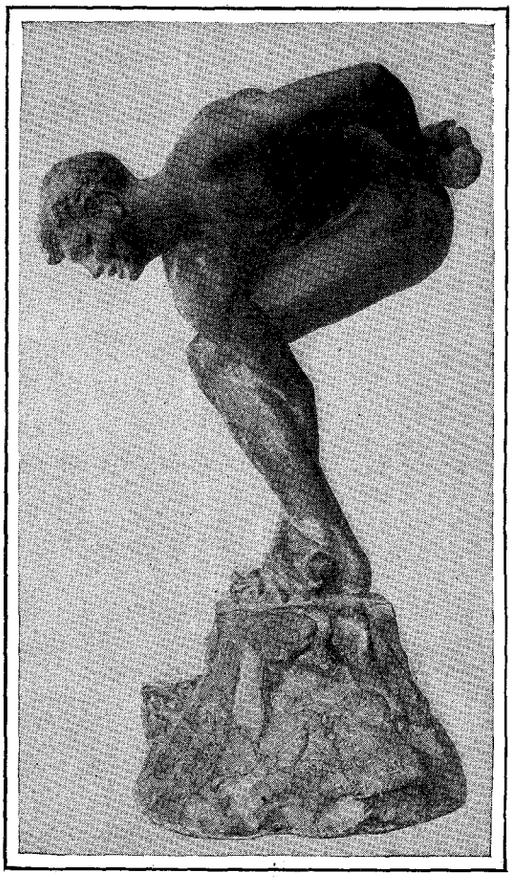

THE COMPETITOR

THE SUPPLE JUGGLER

The Competitor is the kneeling figure; the Supple Juggler is the standing figure

emy in London, at the Salon in Paris, and the National Academy exhibitions here. Some of his works have now found more permanent place in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City; the National Gallery, Ottawa; the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford; and the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. Most characteristic of Dr. McKenzie's style is the great medallion entitled "The Joy of Effort" (three racing figures), which may now be seen incrusted in the wall of the Stadium in Stockholm, Sweden. It commemorates the fifth Olympic Games of the modern series, and received the Swedish King's special medal.

His work is almost entirely in small-sized figures, such as may be noted in "The Competitor," "The Supple Juggler," illustrated on this page. The first of these figures may have been inspired by Greek art; the other seems the product of a more modern conception.

These and the other bronze figures of athletes in action may be seen at the Ferargil Galleries, 607 Fifth Avenue, New York City. To the onlooker Dr. McKenzie's vivid portrayal in the round of relay runners, shot-putters, sprinters, and jumpers is an education both in art and athletics. He applies athletic figures even to door-knockers and candle-sticks!

Particularly interesting also is his expression of "The Progress of Fatigue," as shown in four masks—"Violent Effort," "Breathlessness," "Fatigue," and "Exhaustion."

While all this delineation of the human figure and face—a reflection of the artist's professional labors—is the most impressive part of the exhibition, on the psychological and æsthetic side the medals and portrait plaques in low relief are of much interest. In them one finds such faces as those of Walt Whitman, Guglielmo Ferrero, Drs. Keen, Weir Mitchell, Wilfred Grenfell, and William Henry Drummond, Sir Arthur Shipley, Paul Dougherty, and Forbes-Robertson. There are also striking statues of the youthful Franklin and of George Whitfield.

THE GERMAN INDEMNITY

As we reported last week, the Supreme Council of the Allied Governments at a meeting at Paris have fixed upon the sum of fifty-five billion dollars as the amount of the war indemnity which Germany must pay to the Allied nations. This sum is to be paid by Germany over a period of forty-two years in annual amounts, beginning with five hundred millions and rising to one billion five hundred million dollars. In addition, Germany is to pay a twelve per cent tax to the Allies annually on her exports.

There is no question among fair-minded men as to the moral responsibility of Germany to pay this sum, and even a much larger sum. Indeed, Germany herself, in the most solemn language, has acknowledged her moral accountability, for one of the articles of the Peace Treaty which she signed at Versailles reads as follows:

> Germany accepts the responsibility of Germany and her allies for causing all the loss and damage to which the Allied and Associated Governments and their nationals have been subjected as a consequence of the war imposed upon them by the aggression of Germany and her allies.

It was chiefly Germany which made an armed camp of Europe in the years preceding the World War, and the public opinion of the world is satisfied that the German rulers deliberately brought on the war for purposes of political and material aggrandizement. Hers is the responsibility for the incalculable damages of the war, and according to any reasonable system of ethics she not only ought to pay but ought to be willing to pay for those damages to the utmost limits of her power. It is credibly reported that the Kaiser and his group of militarists had fixed their minds on about one hundred and twenty-five billion dollars as the indemnity which they would have exacted if they had been victorious. In comparison, the sum of fifty-five billion dollars which Germany is now asked to pay is small.

The protests from Germany against the cash feature of the proposed indemnity have been voluble and in some respects undignified. There have, however, come from some of the neutral nations, and even from some of the Allies, sober-minded expressions of opinion that the indemnity decided upon by the Supreme Council contains terms which Germany cannot comply with unless both her own economic and social structure is so crippled that in the end

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the reaction upon the economic and social structure of Europe, and perhaps of the world, will be bad. These opinions are largely based upon the proposal of the twelve per cent ad valorem tax on Germany's exports.

On the whole, the best economic opinion of the world is that the German people can in forty-two years pay the fifty-five billion dollars not only without impoverishment but even with a stimulation of their social, industrial, and political health. Cash payments, however, when stripped of all their financial subtleties and jargon, are simply payments of commodities—that is to say, of exports. If, therefore, the German nation is compelled either by moral or physical force to pay a twelve per cent tax on her exports it is believed by sound, patriotic, and by no means pro-German judges that the greater effort she makes to pay the cash indemnity, the more she will be crippled by the proposed tax on exports.

It is a principle well established in the United States that the power to tax is the power to destroy. We are inclined to share the feeling of the economists that the enforcement of the twelve per cent tax on exports would tend to destroy Germany's initiative and ambition to pay the annual installments of the cash indemnity with promptness; it certainly would discourage her from making the annual payments larger than is named in the bond in order to receive the cash discount which is also provided in the bond. It may be that there was a feeling in the Supreme Council that the more prosperous Germany may become in the future the more indemnity she should pay, and that a sliding tax rising with the increase of her exports would accomplish this end. But probably the main reason for introducing the tax feature into the indemnity was the fear that Germany's frugality and industry might produce such an amount of commodities as to hamper or dislocate the industrial system of other nations. The question, therefore, seems to be:

Will the economic stability of the world be endangered more by allowing Germany to export as freely as she can with such protection as other nations may adopt under their own tariffs; or by regulating, restricting, and hampering Germany's industrial development by a direct tax imposed by foreign nations?

In effect, the imposition of this direct twelve per cent tax will be as if the Allied nations occuped the custom-houses of Germany for forty-two years. Indeed, some French publicists have already proposed that this be physically done. We do not believe if Germany is to become again a great and self-respecting nation that she can tolerate such an occupation.

In view of all these considerations, the best opinion in this country, in Great Britain, and in Europe seems to be that the tax feature of the indemnity proposed by the Supreme Council will be modified in the conference with Germany which is about to take place, but that the payment of fifty-five billion dollars can be justly and will be successfully maintained.

White Studio

LIONEL ATWILL AND ELSIE MACKAY IN "DEBURAU"

DEBURAU

DRAMATIC tragedy was first of all a thing which concerned only kings, heroes, and gods. It is a fairly modern discovery that there may be tragic drama under a homespun coat as well as under a purple robe. Something perhaps of the older thought endures in the appeal which lies in the stage tradition of broken-hearted Pierrots and of Columbines who laugh only with lips and eyes. They are kings and queens of make-believe whose fall from the realm where they rule the hearts and minds of others may be as great as the disaster of a Macbeth or a Lear.

A play which is built upon this familiar ground and which deals with the twice-told tale of Marie du Plessis and the French pantomimist Deburau recently came to the New York stage. The play itself is the work of Sacha Guitry, the astonishingly versatile French dramatist, and it (in the language of the Roycrofters) was done into English by Granville Barker. At least the programme credits Mr. Barker with the English version of the play, and in its published form[1] Mr. Barker somewhat obscurely defends the manner of his translation.

He has chosen to tell his story in rhymed and irregular verse, which he declares to have been the easy and obvious means of conveying the impression which the play in the original created. "This," he says, "was both that any hint of the peculiarly English blank verse might be avoided and with it any temptation to weightiness of speech be the better shunned, and that a certain amusing artificiality, even impertinence of method, might be added—by the actor quite noticeably added."

The words of this explanation appear

[1] Deburau: A Comedy. By Sacha Guitry. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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to be English, but we confess that it seems to us that Mr. Barker has successfully avoided any hint of the clarity which might arise from yielding to the temptation to phrase himself in the usual English manner. Whatever his purpose may have been, however, we fear that he has failed in it, for the form which he has adopted for "Deburau" places an amazing handicap upon the skill of the actors who have been assigned the task of interpreting the play to the public. It is a striking tribute to the ability of Lionel Atwill that he successfully surmounts the childish jingles which Mr. Barker forces him to employ.

We have spoken of the play as though we were to tell the story of a tragedy, but its author calls Deburau a comedy. We shall let our readers judge which is the apter term.

As the curtain rises on the first act a motley throng is finding its way into the Théâtre des Funambules. There are men and women of fashion, the familiar figures of Victor Hugo, George Sand, and Alfred de Musset, who are to fill the boxes of the little hall. There are other men and women less opulent and less distinguished, who are bound for the pit at ten sous a seat. There is a barker who cries the price of the seats, the names in the cast, and the play, a new play, "Ol' Clo'."

With the first act the scene shifts to the inside of the theater. Deburau as Pierrot in "Ol' Clo'" is shown briefly in the final act of that curious tragedy. His triumph is acclaimed by the audience, which departs. His fellow-actors, left in the hall, are not slow to indicate the fact that, while the public may be enthralled with Deburau, they have certain distinct reservations concerning both the public and its idol.

Awaiting the arrival of Deburau, Marie du Plessis, a beauty of Paris and a ruler of Parisian hearts, lingers. For those (and they are many) who seek to enthrall him Deburau has but a single formula of defense. He carries in his pocket a miniature of his wife, which he displays to all who tremble upon, or pass, the verge of sentiment. But before the smile of Marie du Plessis his resolution falters, the story of his wife and child is untold, his miniature remains unshown, and he becomes a captive chained to her chariot wheels.

There is always the need for new faces for Marie—new faces, and of more gold than ever could touch the fingers of even so triumphant an actor as Deburau. The time soon comes when Deburau is displaced, and departs for his garret a broken-hearted man.

When we see Deburau again, his son has become a youth and he himself has been lost to the stage but not to dreams of his enchantment. At every sound of a step outside his door he waits, still clinging to an abiding faith that the woman without faith will some time return to her brief allegiance. At last she comes, but it is only out of pity, and to bring her physician to his aid.

The only cure which the doctor can offer is the advice to seek distraction from "nerves" by taking an interest in the drama. Knowing nothing of the man to whom he is speaking, the doctor tells him to see the great actor Deburau. The unconscious flattery has its effect, and Deburau determines to return to the stage. When his son comes in and reports that a rival actor is to play his part in "Ol' Clo'" that very night, the final awakening touch is given. He departs for the theater to displace his rival—tottering a little as he goes, but exultant in anticipation of triumph.

But there is to be no triumph for Deburau. His grace has departed, he stumbles and falls; and, instead of hearing the applause of entranced spectators, he finds only jeers and a silence which cuts deeper than any spoken word. His fellow-actors, jealous of him in the days of his success, come to his support in the moment of disaster. His manager, fluent with praise while the money poured into the box office, turns against him in bitterness and despair. Deburau, who has mocked his son's ambition to follow in his footsteps, suddenly determines that the name of Deburau must not be lost to the stage. If there can no longer be a Gaspard Deburau, there can at least be a Charles. Feverishly he makes up his son for his part, counseling him swiftly and surely in the craft which has been his lifelong study.

At last the curtain rises for the evening performance. In the triumph of the new Deburau the tragedy of the old is forgotten. So perhaps the play may be called a comedy, for its ending, after a fashion, is a happy one. At least it is no more tragic than the eternal displacement of each generation of mankind by the insistent and inevitable progression of the next. It is strange how new and how hard all changes are for those who must drop away like autumnal leaves—that spring may start again. It is something to be accepted as a commonplace instead of a tragedy only by those who are still a long way from October.

IN MEMORY OF ANNA MAY BACK

A FAMILIAR face has gone from The Outlook's editorial rooms. On Monday morning, February 7, a chair which for many years had been filled by a worker whose loyalty, devotion, and skill have been an inspiration to those associated with her stood empty when the clock struck nine. The strange vacancy was all too soon explained with the tragic word that the chair would never be filled again.

In memory of May Back The Outlook here records the grief of its whole staff at the sudden passing from this world of a brave and friendly spirit.

PRINCE KROPOTKIN: A REMINISCENCE

THE death of Prince Kropotkin, or, as he preferred to be called, Peter Kropotkin, has been announced from Moscow. The news has since been contradicted. But there is no doubt that he has been seriously ill, and, as it is very difficult to get exact facts from Russia under present conditions, there is every probability that, if he is not actually dead, death is hovering near him. For he is a very old man, worn out by a life of exhausting labor and hardship. His long career as a revolutionary reformer is one of the most romantic and self-sacrificing of modern times.

Born at Moscow in 1842, of a family of the Russian nobility, he entered the Court of the Czar as a page, a position of great honor and distinction. He became both a soldier and a scientist, and made important geographical expeditions and discoveries in Siberia and Manchuria and geological investigations in Finland. His contributions to cartography and geological history have a recognized place in scientific literature.

At thirty years of age Kropotkin became convinced by his observations of the Siberian exile system and of the condition of the peasants in all parts of the Russian Empire that the Russian political and industrial system was hopelessly vicious, and he therefore joined the revolutionary party. He was arrested, imprisoned, escaped, fled to Switzerland, was expelled from that country, went to France, was imprisoned in France, and finally took refuge in England in 1886, where he made his permanent home. He was a voluminous and accomplished writer, and two of his books published in this country, "Memoirs of a Revolutionist" and "Fields, Factories, and Workshops," are of absorbing human interest. In industry he was a Socialist, in government what is known as a philosophical Anarchist, but

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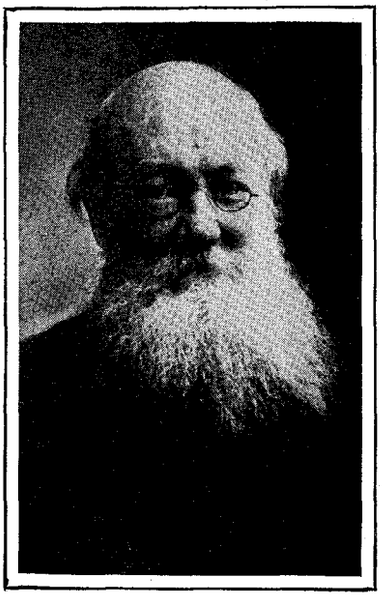
he was neither a lover nor an advocate of violence. Although an intellectual, he was very far from being a "parlor Socialist" or Bolshevist; for he put his beliefs into practice by living a life of self-abnegation, poverty, and privation with a patience and sweetness of spirit that reformers do not always display.

When Kropotkin visited this country twenty years ago, I learned from George Kennan, the Russian explorer, that he was very anxious to meet and talk with Booker Washington. We were publishing serially in The Outlook Washington's extraordinary autobiography, "Up From Slavery," and I was able to arrange a meeting—one of the most dramatic, although it was perfectly simple, natural, and spontaneous, in which I have ever had the good fortune to take part.

Booker Washington was staying at the old Grand Union Hotel, at Forty-second Street and Fourth Avenue, now torn down—and the only respectable New York hotel that in those days would receive Booker Washington, a Negro, as a guest. Kennan brought Kropotkin to the hotel, where I waited with Washington, and we all went up to the latter's room. It was a diminutive bedroom, such as in those happy times could be had for a dollar or a dollar and a half per day. The furniture consisted of a single bed, a chair, a washstand, and a trunk. Kropotkin sat on the chair, Washington on the bed, and Kennan and I on the trunk. There, in these simple surroundings, these two great men—for they were great men—talked for an hour of their hopes and aspirations for humanity. One born a Negro slave, the other an hereditary prince; one painfully and laboriously self-educated, the other with all the background of an aristocratic European culture; and each a champion and leader of a downtrodden and servile race—the American Negro and the Russian *muzhik*. It was this common interest in oppressed humanity, I suppose, that led the ex-prince to seek out the ex-slave. It was all informal, undemonstrative, almost matter-of-fact; and yet it made a profound impression upon me.

It certainly is not inappropriate and it may be interesting to readers of The Outlook to add a quotation from a letter which I have just received from George



PRINCE KROPOTKIN

Kennan, to whom I submitted the foregoing account of the Kropotkin-Washington incident.

"Your little account," writes Kennan, "is excellent and I have only two suggestions to make.

"I think I would mention one more of his books [I mentioned only the two books which I had read myself.—L. F. A.], the mere title of which shows the trend of his later thinking, and that is 'Mutual Aid as a Factor of Evolution.' It was not published in this country, but my recollection is that it ran as a serial either in the 'Fortnightly Review' or the 'Nineteenth Century,' where I read it. It was published in book form in 1902, and impressed me as an admirable piece of work, of a really constructive rather than anarchistic character.

"Second, I would make it unmistakably clear that Kropotkin was not a Bolshevist or a sympathizer with Bolshevism. He opposed that tendency when it first showed itself in the Workmen's Council, and always, after the dispersal of the Constituent Assembly, he was an anti-Bolshevist. He soon saw that it was impracticable for him to fight Lenine and Trotsky, and, as he felt himself to be an old man and wanted to die in his own country, he entered into a sort of *modus vivendi* or agreement with the Bolsheviki, based on an understanding that he would not interfere with them if they would let him alone. After that he took no part in public affairs, but lived, practically isolated, in the little village near Moscow, where, I presume, he died.

"People might think that because he was called—and indeed called himself—an 'Anarchist' he must have been a Bolshevist, but he never was. Reports that have come to me indicate that after the suppression of the Constituent Assembly he was nearer to the Constitutional Democrats than to the Bolshevists."

Few, if any, Americans have been more intimate with what may be called the Constitutional Revolutionists in Russia than George Kennan, or have understood more clearly their purposes and aspirations. His early Siberian explorations and his two distinguished books, "Tent Life in Siberia" and "Siberia and the Exile System," brought him into close contact with Russian revolutionary patriots. He was himself expelled from Russia by the Romanoff autocracy while visiting that country twenty years ago in pursuit of his investigations of Russian despotism.

That the Revolution could have produced such fine spirits as those of Nicolas Tchaikovsky, Kropotkin, and Catherine Breshkovsky, all of whom bitterly opposed Bolshevism, is perhaps the best ground of hope that Bolshevik despotism will finally fall, and the Romanoff despotism has fallen, and that human justice and social order based on representative constitutional government will finally prevail in that unhappy country.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

"UNCLE SAM'S TIN HALO"

THE House of Representatives has wisely accepted Mr. Morgan's offer of the Morgan residence in London for use as a permanent American Embassy, and it has appropriated $150,000 for the purchase of a Paris residence. In The Outlook for December 22 there appeared an article by Andrew Ten Eyck entitled "Uncle Sam's Tin Halo" dealing with the question of proper provision for the housing and support of American diplomatic representatives. It has called forth expressions of approval from men of experience in our diplomatic life. We print excerpts from some of their letters to us and trust that the Senate, when it comes to consider the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill, will be moved to retain the excellent clause regarding permanent residences inserted therein by the House.—THE EDITORS.

From a Former Secretary of State

I have been advocating American-owned legations and embassies for fifteen years; first, in order that diplomatic posts should be open to worthy men without regard to wealth, and, second, in order that we may control the standard of living of our diplomats and make them represent American life.

W. J. BRYAN.

From a Former Assistant Secretary of State

Mr. Ten Eyck's article about diplomatic service brings out some striking contrasts and needs that ought to be widely known. I was very interested in reading it.

HUNTINGTON WILSON.

From Our Ambassador to Great Britain

I have read with great interest the article by Mr. Ten Eyck on "Uncle Sam's Tin Halo."

Needless to say, it strikes a responsive chord in my heart, and, while the time is approaching when I shall have no personal concern in such reforms, I earnestly hope that the American people can be brought to a realization of the need for an adequate support to all grades of the diplomatic service.

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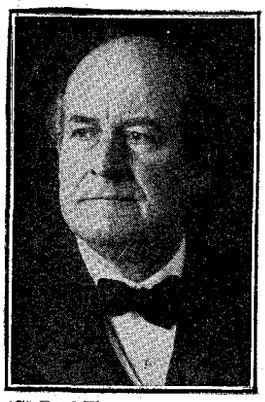

(C) Paul Thompson
W. J. BRYAN

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HENRY P. FLETCHER

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OSCAR S. STRAUS

Bain
GARRETT DROPPERS

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HUNTINGTON WILSON

I am gratified to see such a publication as The Outlook taking up the cudgels.

JOHN W. DAVIS.

From a Former Ambassador to France

I was tremendously amused and pleased with Andrew Ten Eyck's article. It is a splendid article—an exposé of a shameful condition which has too long existed. At present, in London, with all the diplomatic and business relations which we have with Great Britain, there are three or four separate representations there—the Shipping Board, the Treasury Department, the Consulate-General, the Ambassador—really with no co-ordination. The wonder is that we get on as well as we do. I hope, in the next Administration, that a good cleaning up of the diplomatic situation may take place. MYRON T. HERRICK.

From a Former Ambassador to France and Italy

Mr. Ten Eyck's interesting article on the American diplomatists is an admirable exposition of the absurdities of our present system, and if only the billions in hard cash which it has cost this country—especially in South America, but at one time or other in every foreign country—could be computed I think the total might make our people "sit up," indisposed as they usually are to adopt that course in respect to their own interests. Great Britain is a marvelous example of the reverse, as this war has so clearly demonstrated, though of course any one in diplomacy as long as I was could not but be well aware thereof. The comparative table in the article, of service by our Ambassadors and those with whom they had to compete, is a valuable addition to its arguments. I hope it may have some effect.

HENRY WHITE.

From a Former Ambassador to Germany

Mr. Ten Eyck's excellent article on the diplomatic service is a very useful contribution to an extremely important subject, and never more so than at this moment. It is likely that there never will be in the future so good an opportunity for the United States to acquire appropriate embassy buildings in the European capitals as is now afforded by the unusual rates of foreign exchange. A good house, well equipped and furnished with a suitable staff of caretakers, would go far toward providing the means of proper representation of our Government. I have never believed in paying large salaries to our ambassadors and ministers. There is every reason against it. It is not proper that, as officers of Government, ambassadors should receive for their services a greater remuneration than the members of the Cabinet, the stipend of whom is fixed at $12,000. The important point is that the ambassador or minister is obliged to live in a foreign country where he does not own his own home and where it takes much time to find suitable installation, and because he represents his Government to another government he requires an establishment appropriate for this purpose and equal to other establishments in the same place. Now all that pertains to the matter of representation is a proper charge upon the Government, as it is for the Government, in the interest of the Government, and designed to sustain the dignity and prestige of the Government. It is absurd that a public officer should be permitted to exploit his wealth in an official position of this kind; or, as the price of the honor of holding the office, that he should maintain it at his own expense. The Government has no right to ask it, and should not permit it, for its own sake, for the government to which the ambassador is accredited will know very well whether the establishment is really the representation of the Government or the ambassador's own exploitation of his private wealth.

The true solution of the problem is the purchase of a suitable house, to be properly cared for at the Government's expense, with a reasonable fund for social entertainment of an official character and a moderate salary for the services of the ambassador or minister.

Both from the point of view of Congress, the American public, and the foreign public, this would show that "decent respect for the opinions of mankind" upon which, in the Declaration of Independence, our democracy is founded. It is time that we justified our professions. DAVID J. HILL.

From Our Ambassador to Italy

The interesting and useful article of Mr. Ten Eyck's ought to do a great deal of good in stirring up members of Congress to their duty in remedying the humiliating situation in all the countries where we have no official embassy or legation, and I believe that The Outlook would find its account in making a little four-page pamphlet from the plates of the article and sending it to every member of Congress. [We have sent every Senator and Representative a copy of The Outlook containing the article.—THE EDITORS.] I am trying very hard to get attention for this Embassy at a time when the exchange is so largely in our favor and when bargains can be had.

May I call your attention to one incorrect reference to me, which was probably intended to be complimentary but is really not so. This is a statement that at the San Remo Conference I so literally construed my powers as to refuse to explain my status or to answer Lloyd George's inquiry as to my view on a certain question. As it was absolutely necessary when I *entered* the Conference that my status should be specifically set forth—as it was—there could be no doubt in the mind of the British Premier as to what that status was. In diplomacy, by the way, the proper thing is literally to construe one's powers. One does not take liberties with official instructions. I certainly did not feel that there was any predicament as far as I was concerned. As is already publicly known, my business was not merely to listen, but to report to the Government the proceedings from time to time, and to forward any communication from the Conference. To these functions I strictly adhered.

R. U. JOHNSON.

From a Former Ambassador to Turkey

I have read the article by Mr. Ten Eyck with great interest and approval. The facts are convincing and the argument is sound. OSCAR S. STRAUS.

From a Former Ambassador to Mexico

Mr. Ten Eyck's article on Lo, the Poor Diplomat, strikes a very responsive chord in my undecorated chest. Like Cæsar, I refused these baubles thrice—in Portugal, China, and Chile—and somehow I have never regretted this noble sacrifice in the name of republican simplicity and clean-breasted diplomacy????

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Keystone
JOHN W. DAVIS

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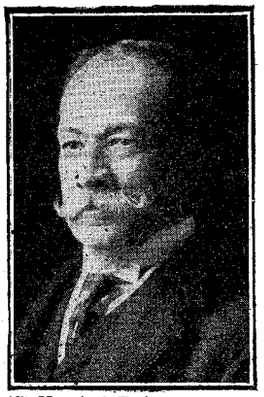
MYRON T. HERRICK



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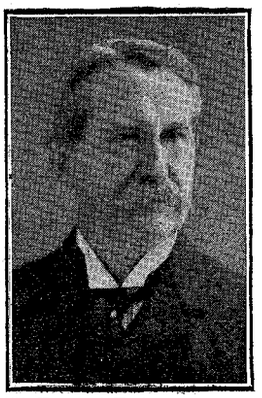

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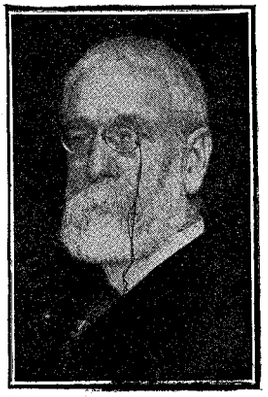

Bain
R. U. JOHNSON

You would be surprised, however, to see what advantage some foreign governments derive from these things—it's always easier to bribe a man's vanity than himself. HENRY P. FLETCHER.

From Our Minister to Holland

Every word of Mr. Ten Eyck's article is true and to the point, and I wish there were more people who could present the situation to the American public as concretely and vividly as has Mr. Ten Eyck. Of course I myself am very full of the whole subject and am eager to see Washington adopt a policy of strengthening the Foreign Service, not only through the purchase of Government residences but through the selection of a personnel truly representative of our great country.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS.

From Our Former Minister to Greece

The article on "The Poor American Diplomat" goes to my heart. Without too much investigation I accepted the post of Minister to Greece. At the end of six years of work, the hardest years of my life, I come back to Williams just $20,000 out of pocket, and the other American diplomats whom I have met say I am lucky. Twenty thousand dollars may not be much in these days of new millionaires, but they were accumulated in a professor's salary, which is something. Incidentally I saved American interests twenty million drachmas [a drachma is equivalent to a franc] in one instance when I put in a remonstrance to the Greek Foreign Office. I had an opportunity to purchase a legation property in Athens, the chance of a lifetime, but there was no money, or, rather, no appropriation. The fault lies, as you know, with Congress, not with the Administration. That same property has increased from $150,000 to over $1,000,000 to-day.

GARRETT DROPPERS.

From Our Consul-General at Rome

Our alleged diplomatic service has often been—but it would be undiplomatic for me to express opinions. We underrate the value of continuity of experience. For instance, I see that my friend Peter Augustus Jay has been made Minister to Rumania. He did exceedingly well during his long period here as Chargé d'Affaires after the departure of Thomas Nelson Page, the Ambassador, under very difficult conditions. It was a great tribute to Jay's ability that this Administration named him as Minister to Salvador, for he had not been affiliated with the party. With nineteen years of experience in the field, with many accomplishments, with a wife who is altogether fine, and having in his veins the blood of John Jay who negotiated in 1789 the first treaty under our Constitution, Peter has claims to advancement. We shelved almost all of our "service Ministers" in 1913. I am sorry to see that one of them, John Brinckerhoff Jackson, recently died in Switzerland. The last time I saw him was when I played golf with him one day in the spring of 1917 in Zurich. King Constantine was soon to arrive in a villa close to the links. Mr. Jackson said he and his wife were to move on to Geneva in a few days. When I asked him why, reminding him that there was no golf down there where Cæsar once knocked the first syllable out of the *Helvetians*, he said: "During my time in Athens, when I was Uncle Jack to my niece who was living with us, the whole diplomatic group, including the heir to the throne, Prince Constantine, called me Uncle Jack. Now that we are in the war, it would not be just the thing for me to be Uncle Jack to his exiled Majesty. So we are disappearing before he comes." I remember that I beat him that day, and now death has putted the winning hole. FRANCIS B. KEENE.

From Two High Officials

I have read with great interest the article by Ten Eyck in regard to the miserable pay of our ambassadors and ministers, and hope that, owing to The Outlook's wide circulation among our more educated, and therefore more thoughtful, people, it may have a tangible effect. I have always felt convinced that if the facts could be made known in an intelligent but popular way much good would result. . . . For instance, I have seen it nowhere mentioned that most of the European governments have recently raised very considerably the pay and allowances of all grades in their foreign service—though these were already very generally higher than in ours. In certain cases—presumably to avoid criticism—they have greatly increased the allowances while the salary remains practically the same; in others they have exempted the pay from taxation; and almost universally have met the adverse exchange by paying in gold. The fact that the country may be very hard up seems to make little difference—rather the reverse. The British Ambassador at Washington, instead of receiving, as formerly, £10,000 ($50,000) with normal exchange, gets a salary of £2,500 and £17,500 for entertainment. He pays an income tax on the £2,500, but the rest is exempt. Otherwise, he would have to pay out in income tax nearly half of the £20,000 he receives. Under this new system the British Ambassador in Rome saved over a third of his pay, which in his case amounts to £10,000. Also in Japan an Ambassador's salary, as presented to the Diet, is about 5,000 yen ($2,500), but he receives $20,000 upwards in allowances.

* * *

I was very glad to see that The Outlook has espoused the cause of "The Poor American Diplomat;" he needs aid and sympathy from all classes, whom he serves indiscriminately. The article by Andrew Ten Eyck is pertinent, and I hope may have some influence, although he is only presenting old material in a new form. However, it should be helpful.

The American in general is very reluctant to change his customs as long as they do not advance his business interests, and for some time past I have been convinced that, without considerable pressure being brought on members of Congress by their constituents in favor of a more definitely established diplomatic service and the purchase of embassy quarters abroad, advancement to that end will only go by very short and infrequent steps. Looking back over a period of ten or fifteen years, one sees that a marked improvement has been made, but if at the beginning of those years a definite policy had been adopted our present situation would be far better and more efficient services be rendered our commercial and political interests abroad.

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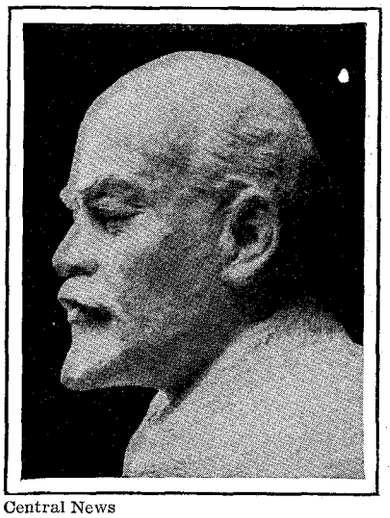

Central News

LENINE

Photo by Bertram Park, from International

MRS. SHERIDAN

Central News

TROTSKY

MRS. CLARE SHERIDAN, ENGLISH SCULPTRESS, AND HER BUSTS OF RUSSIAN SOVIET LEADERS

Mrs. Sheridan recently visited Moscow and had personal sittings for these busts

THE LESS THEY "HOOVERIZED" THE MORE THEY HELPED

John D. Rockefeller (left), William Fellowes Morgan (center), and Herbert Hoover are getting their lunch at a Y. W. C. A. cafeteria; the gross receipts for one day in these cafeterias throughout the country were devoted to the fund for European relief. Mr. Morgan's lunch, said to have been "delightful," consisted, it is reported, of vegetable soup, egg salad, chocolate cake, and one canned peach, at a cost of fifty cents. Judging from the appearance of Mr. Hoover's and Mr. Rockefeller's trays, they apparently did still better for the fund

(C) Keystone

Wide World

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT VISITS THE PERPETUAL CANDIDATE

Mr. Harding, on his trip to Florida, accepted an invitation from Mr. Byran to visit the latter's home at Miami. The Harding smile, it will be noticed, seems somewhat more spontaneous than that of the man who has been thrice defeated for the office to which Mr. Harding has just been triumphantly elected. Senator Frelinghuysen is at the left of the picture, Mr. Bryan at the right, Mr. Harding in the left center, and the Bryan grandchildren are in the foreground

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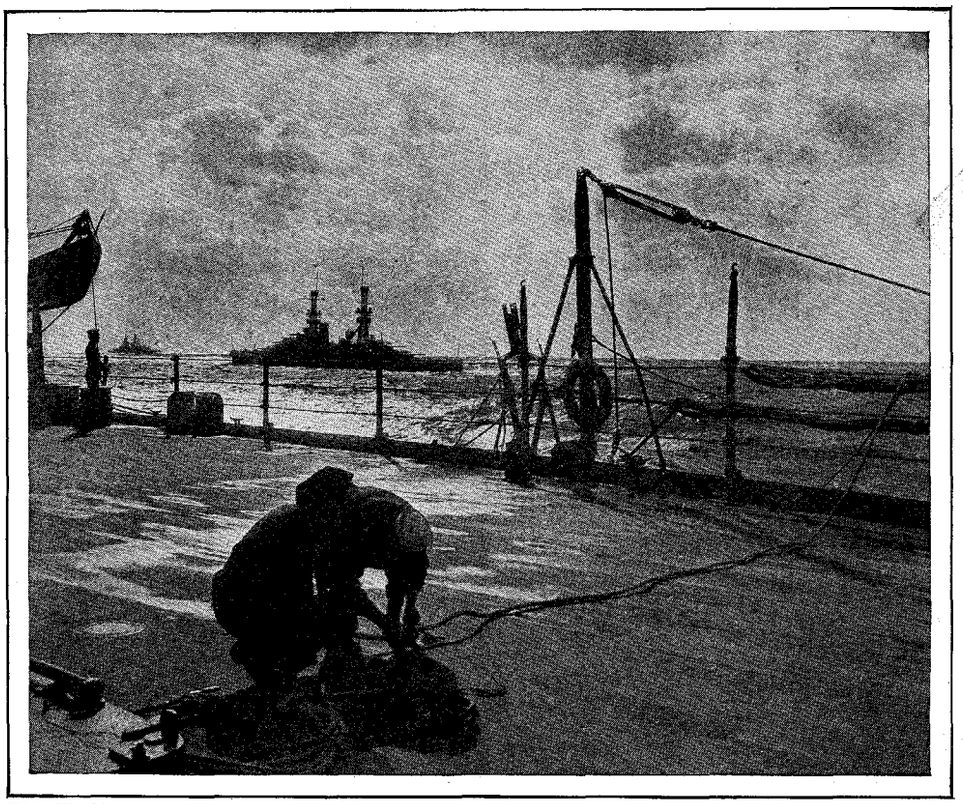
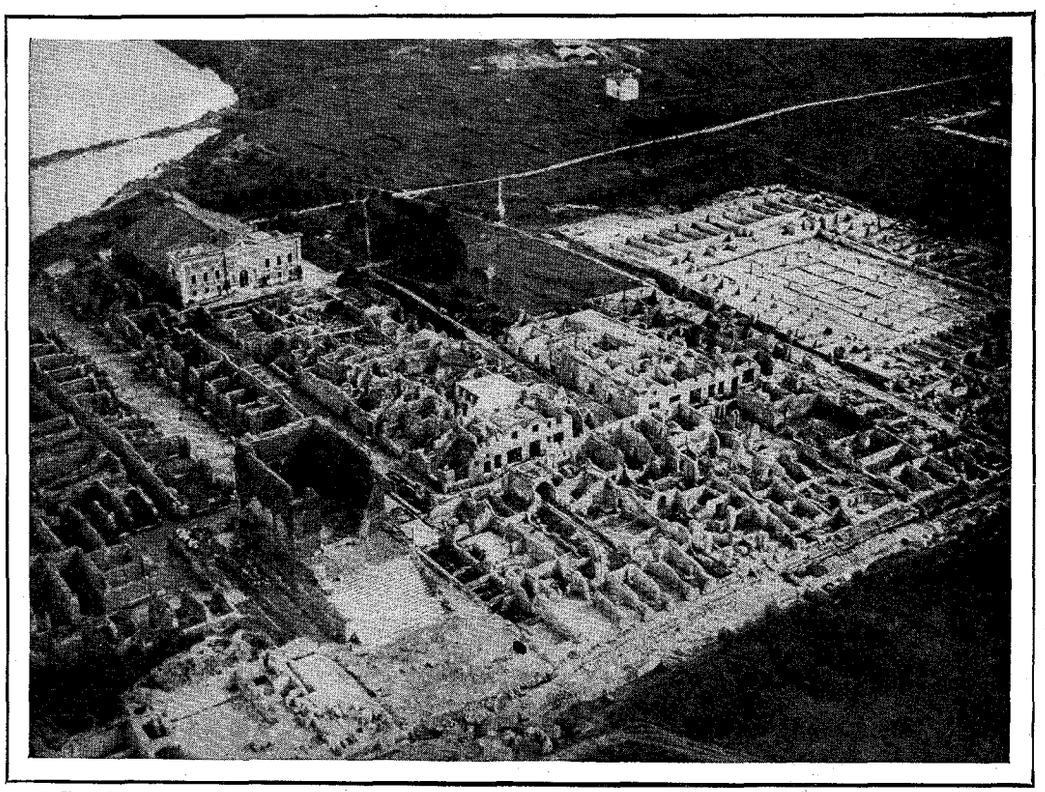


Wide World

WITH THE FLEET IN SOUTHERN WATERS

Is it any wonder that the boys want to join the Navy when they can spend the winter in the West Indies under fair skies and with work and play delightfully intermixed? Perhaps the work is a little to the fore in this picture, but there is plenty of play too. This photograph was taken from the deck of the U. S. S. Oklahoma as it entered Guantanamo Bay for battle practice. Other dreadnoughts belonging to Uncle Sam are seen in the background



Wide World

OSTIA, THE PORT OF ANCIENT ROME, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A DIRIGIBLE

The ruins of Ostia, which were first excavated toward the end of the eighteenth century, have been still further exposed by recent excavations. Ostia is situated about fifteen miles from Rome, at the mouth of the Tiber. It was long the principal station of the Roman navy, but after the fall of the Empire its harbor became silted up and the town fell into ruin. In the foreground of the above picture is the Temple of Vulcan; the remains of extensive salt works, which first gave the city its importance, are seen at the right

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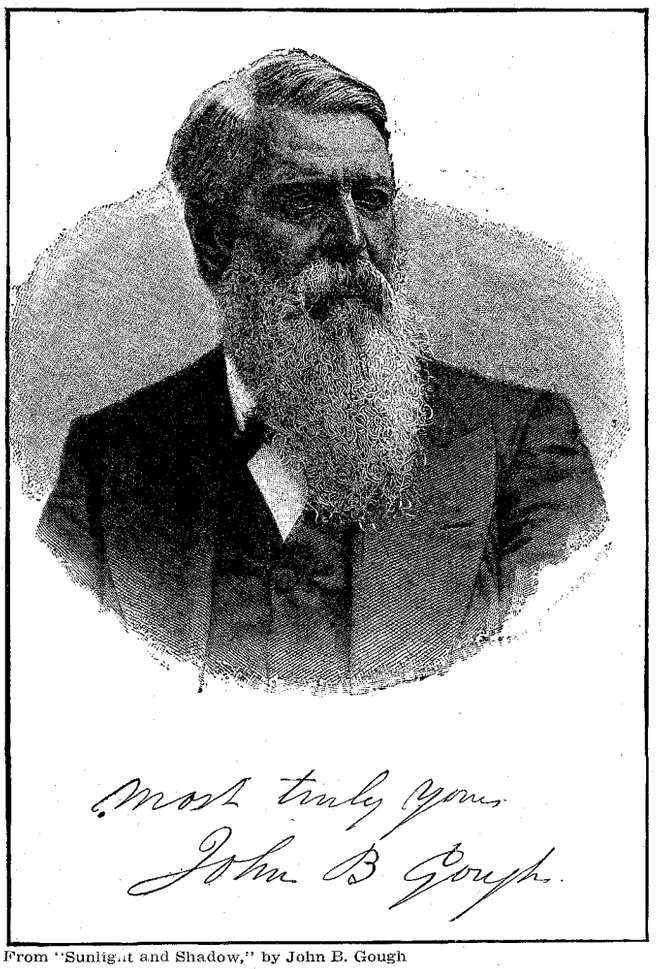
SNAP-SHOTS OF MY CONTEMPORARIES

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

JOHN B. GOUGH, OLD TESTAMENT CHRISTIAN



From "Sunlight and Shadow," by John B. Gough

"He was a consistent Puritan. If I did not fear being misunderstood, I would say he was an Old Testament Christian. He was for himself a very strict constructionist of the Old Testament laws. . . . But, unlike some Puritans, he never attempted to impose his conscience on another. He was strict with himself, liberal with others"

IN April, 1840, the Rev. Matthew Hale Smith delivered a temperance lecture in Baltimore. Two members of a drinking club which was accustomed to meet in a tavern in that city were appointed, probably in jest, to attend and bring back a report to their comrades. On their report a hot debate ensued. The interference of the landlord added fuel to the flames. As a result six of the members formed a temperance society on the spot, which they entitled the Washington Total Abstinence Society. This was, I believe, the first total abstinence society organized in America. A year or two later John B. Gough, then apparently a confirmed inebriate, was rescued by this total-abstinence movement from self-destruction, and at once gave himself to the rescue of others.

He was born in 1827 in England of humble parentage, was apprenticed at twelve years of age to a family migrating to America, entered the bookbinder's trade, took to the stage as a vaudeville performer, fell into bad habits, increased by despair on the death of his wife and infant child, had two attacks of delirium tremens, by a kind word from a stranger was interested in temperance reform, signed the pledge, and began his real life—the life of an apostle of temperance. He brought into his new life the arts of the actor acquired in the theater, and was at once a favorite speaker in the temperance meetings held in district schoolhouses, public halls, and sometimes, although at first rarely, in churches.

He married again. His wife brought him those staying and steadying qualities which this impulsive, ardent, sensitive orator sorely needed. His newly acquired moral earnestness gave to him the artistic quality of sincerity and reality which the vaudeville performer had not possessed. He united with the Church and brought into the total-abstinence movement a Christian spirit which it at first had lacked. He early made enthusiastic friends; but he had also to encounter bitter, unscrupulous, and astute enemies. They concealed their enmity under a guise of hospitality. Twice he fell under his old temptations, once a physician's prescription woke the old appetite, once he was drugged. From both falls he recovered, and by both falls his hatred of drink was intensified, his power to combat it was strengthened

When I first knew him, this period of conflict was wholly in the past; but it was a past which he never forgot, and never could forget. He told me once that he never came into a roomful of company that he did not think, "These people are saying to themselves, here comes the man who has twice had delirium tremens," and that he never dared take communion when alcoholic wine was used lest the fragrance of the wine should be too much for him.

But he carried with him none of the marks of his upbringing; no vulgarities and no coarseness of speech, no lack of courtesy in behavior. He was a cultivated gentleman, able to grace any social circle, and the best social circles in England and America were opened to him. He was one of the very few absolute total abstainers I have ever known. He never touched wine or pretended to touch it at weddings or receptions, never tasted it at the sacrament; never used it as a medicine. He was the best story-teller I have ever known, and told stories with the same dramatic impersonation at the dinner table as on the platform. Of them he had an inexhaustible supply, because, although he was always drawing from his reservoir, he was also always replenishing it. The Lecture Lyceum was in a decline, Chautauqua had not yet been born; the Y. M. C. A. was still in its youth. But John B. Gough never failed to draw. He no longer confined himself to temperance, but I doubt whether he ever lectured on any theme that he did not introduce some reference to temperance into the lecture. On one of my visits to him at his country home a few miles out from Worcester, he took me over his farm and showed me half a score or more of cattle of a special breed. "Can you make this farm pay?" I asked him. "Pay!" he exclaimed. "Pay! It takes eight months of lecturing as hard as I can lecture to earn the money which my wife has to have in order to run this farm."

He was a consistent Puritan. If I did not fear being misunderstood, I would say he was an Old Testament Christian. He was *for himself* a very strict constructionist of the Old Testament laws He spent eight months of the year on an itinerant lecture tour, but he would never travel on Sunday. I believe he would never ride in a horse car on Sun-

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day. Does not the Fourth Commandment say, "Thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle"? To ride in a horse car is to make a servant and a horse work; therefore he would not ride. But, unlike some Puritans, he never attempted to impose his conscience on another. He was strict with himself, liberal with others. In this regard he was unlike many of us who are more inclined to be liberal in judging for ourselves and strict in judging for others.

He was in Edinburgh one Sunday (he himself told me this anecdote, and I do not think it has been before in print) and heard Dr. Finney preach on the seventh of Romans: "For that which I do I allow not; for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I." The sermon produced a profound impression on Mr. Gough's sensitive nature. The next morning he called on Dr. Finney at his hotel, was shown to his room, and, with characteristic directness, went straight to his point.

"Dr. Finney," said he, "I am Mr. Gough. I heard you preach yesterday morning; and I am afraid that I am living in the seventh of Romans."

With equally characteristic directness Dr. Finney met his visitor.

"Let us pray," said he; and knelt down at his chair. Mr. Gough knelt also. After a fervent prayer for his visitor's emancipation from the law Dr. Finney called on Mr. Gough to pray.

Mr. Gough. I can't, Dr. Finney.

Dr. Finney. *Pray*, Mr. Gough.

Mr. Gough. I can't, Dr. Finney.

Dr. Finney (with renewed emphasis). *Pray*, Mr. Gough.

Mr. Gough. I can't, Dr. Finney; and, what is more, I won't.

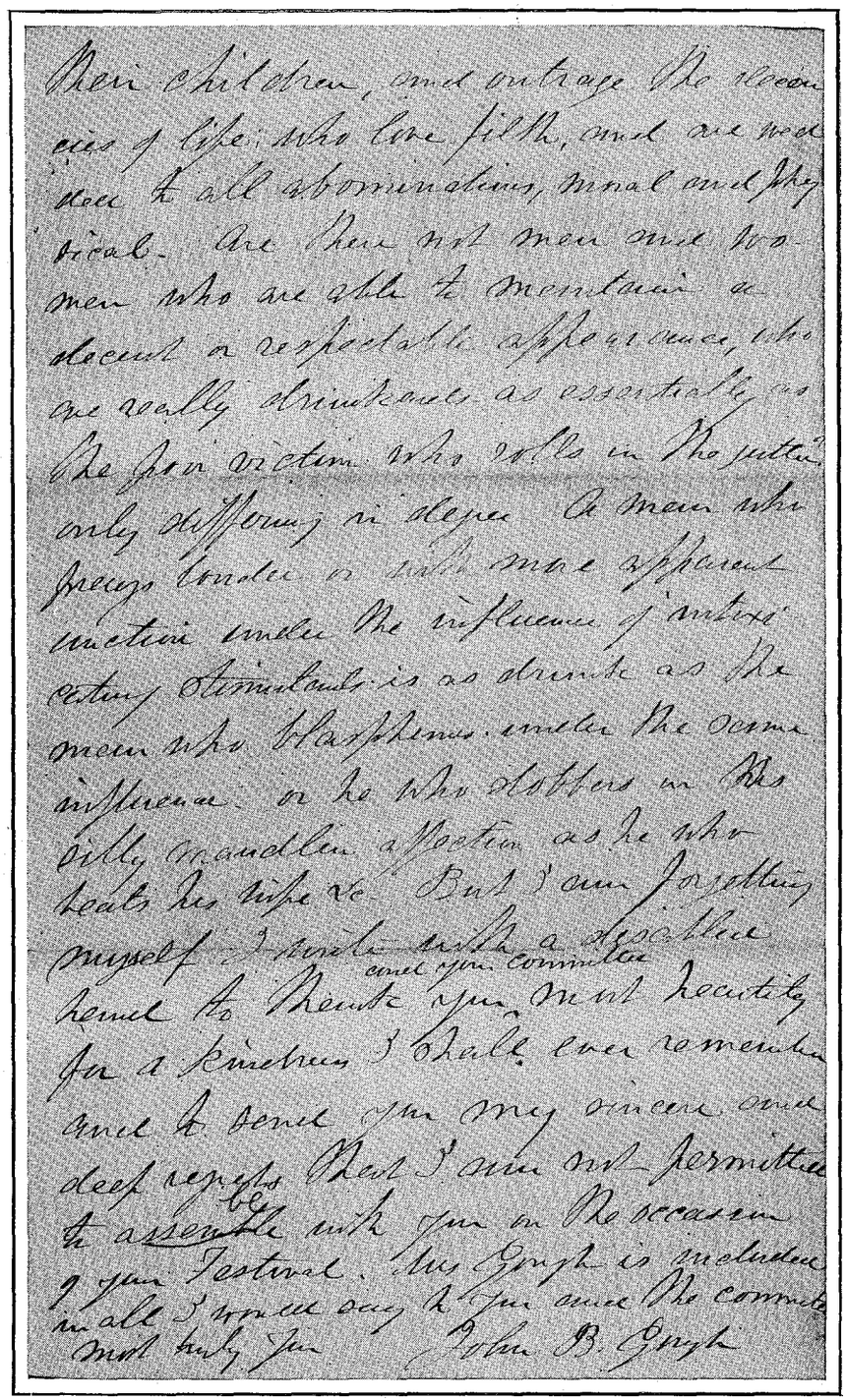
Dr. Finney. O Lord, have mercy on this wiry little sinner.

What was said in the conversation which followed I do not know. The incident is worth recording because it illustrates one distinguishing feature in Mr. Gough's character—his absolute sincerity. When he said, "I cannot pray," he spoke the literal truth. A sincerer man than he I have never known. He was incapable of false pretense. The emotion which he did not feel he could not utter. This was one element, perhaps the most important element, of his power as an orator. Because what he said he always himself felt, he compelled his audience to feel it with him. He was always real. Even in his impersonations he was for the moment the individual he impersonated.

At the time of which I am writing the temperance army existed in two wings—the legal and the moral-suasion. The leaders of the one sought by law to prohibit the sale of liquor; the leaders of the other sought to dissuade the drinker from using it. Mr. Gough belonged to the latter wing. He was essentially a Christian Evangelist. He characterized the temperance movement as a "Christian enterprise;" he sought, and not in vain, the co-operation of the Christian clergy and the Christian churches; he appealed to the sleeping pride in man, which the most degraded rarely entirely lose, and he often roused it to self-assertion. At the close of one of his meetings the most notorious drunkard in the town arose and, pulling a bottle out of his pocket, said, "Mr. Gough, those young men in the gallery gave me this bottle and offered me half a dollar to drink your very good health at the close of your lecture. But you have told me that I am a man, and I believe I am;" and he broke the bottle in pieces then and there, signed the pledge—and kept it.

If Mr. Gough treated the "drunken Jakes" in every community as men, he also treated genteel and reputable drunkenness as a sin. He condemned it, not because it always leads to poverty, disease, and crime, for it does not; but because it always does lead to a loss of self-control, and if self-control is not the foundation of all the virtues, no virtue can be exercised without it. I wrote to him once inviting him to deliver an address at a Congregational Club in New York City, and received the following reply:

> I am glad that the subject of Temperance is to be the topic of discussion and I would have gladly occupied a few minutes in the expression of some thoughts on the subject



FACSIMILE OF LAST PAGE OF LETTER WRITTEN BY MR. GOUGH IN 1882 IN REPLY TO AN INVITATION FROM DR. ABBOTT TO SPEAK IN NEW YORK

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From "Platform Echoes," by John B. Gough

AN ILLUSTRATION OF ONE OF MR. GOUGH'S DRAMATIC NARRATIONS

"He was the best story-teller I have ever known, and told stories with the same dramatic impersonation at the dinner table as on the platform."

This picture illustrates one of Mr. Gough's temperance stories. In his book "Platform Echoes" it bears the following caption:

"A Fatal Leap.—His face was pale as ashes. He clenched his fingers as if he would press the nails into the flesh, his lip curled over his white teeth in the agonies of death, and his eyes glared upon his companions with the ferocity of a tiger as he said, 'Oh, why did you not hold me?' Why did they not hold him? It was too late; the demon of drink had full possession of him, and no mortal power could have held him then"

before such an audience. I fear we do not sufficiently recognize the importance of a more strict definition of the meaning of the term drunkenness or intemperance. We are apt to decide that drunkards are those only who beat their wives, neglect their children, and outrage the decencies of life; who love filth, and are wedded to all abominations, moral and physical. Are there not men and women who are able to maintain a decent or respectable appearance, who are really drunkards as essentially as the poor victim who rolls in the gutter? only differing in degree. A man who prays louder or with more apparent unction under the influence of intoxicating stimulants is as drunk as the man who blasphemes under the same influence, or he who slobbers in his silly maudlin affection as he who beats his wife, &c.

These two incidents illustrate the spirit which always animated Mr. Gough. His primary object was the redemption of the individual; the social betterment of the community took a second place in his customary thinking. But, though he rarely spoke in advocacy of legal measures of any kind—high license, local option, or prohibition—he was too good a stragetist to criticise his legal co-workers in a common enterprise. The prohibitionists were not always as wise. With that intolerance which has too often characterized radical reformers from the days of the ancient Pharisees, some of them sneered and a few of them bitterly condemned the moral-suasionists. This led to one of the most dramatic incidents in Mr. Gough's dramatic career.

In 1857—I believe I have the date right—Neal Dow, the author of the Maine Law, was about visiting England to take part in a prohibition campaign in that country. At that time the prohibition movement in the United States was suffering a relapse. Mr. Gough in a private letter to a friend stated the facts. "The cause in this country," he wrote, "is in a depressed state. The Maine law is a dead letter everywhere—more liquor sold than I ever knew before in Massachusetts—and in the other States it is about as bad." At the same time he commended Neal Dow and referred to him for further information. "I see," he said, "that Neal Dow is to be in England. I am glad. You will all like him; he is a noble man, a faithful worker. He can tell better than any other man the state of the Maine law movement here."

There is no doubt that Mr. Gough's statement was true. But the radical reformer does not wish the truth told if it will hurt his cause. He is generally quite sure that nothing can be true which will hurt his cause. When a little later Mr. Gough landed in Liverpool, he found the prohibition circles in England in a fever of excitement which the publication of this private letter had caused. That he was a liar was the least of the charges preferred against him. Mr. Gough met the charges of falsehood by letters from distinguished advocates of temperance in the United States testifying to the facts as he had portrayed them. Resolutions by his friends which fully and heartily vindicated him had no effect to still the abuse. The reverse was the effect. Slanders, at first whispered from circle to circle, were at length openly published. One prohibition leader, bolder or more unscrupulous than his colleagues, printed a letter in which he declared that Mr. Gough had been often intoxicated with drugs—once insensibly so—in the streets of London, many times

From "Platform Echoes," by John B. Gough

AN ILLUSTRATION OF ONE OF MR. GOUGH'S HUMOROUS STORIES

He was "endowed with a musical voice, a vivid imagination, and human sympathy equally capable of irresistible pathos and of a rollicking humor"

This picture illustrates one of the entertaining anecdotes Mr. Gough was accustomed to tell. In his book "Platform Echoes" it bears the following caption:

"Betty and the Bear. The Husband's Advice from a Safe Retreat.—As the fight went on, he became excited. By and by he began to encourage her, and shouted, 'Well done, Betty! That was a good knock. Now take him on the other side,' and so on, till Betty hit the final blow and the bear gave a final kick. And then the husband came down from his safe retreat. 'Well, that's a bigger bear than I thought it was, Betty, and I consider we have done gloriously.' When the work is done, 'we,' and when the work is to be done, 'you'"

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helplessly so in the streets of Glasgow; that there were many witnesses to the facts; that two of these occasions were within the writer's personal knowledge; and he challenged Mr. Gough to bring the matter before a jury of twelve Englishmen and pledged himself "on the honor of a gentleman and the faith of a Christian to furnish names and adduce further evidence of what I have now asserted."

Mr. Gough accepted the challenge of Dr. Lees, sued him for libel, and brought him before the court to make good his charge.

I should not venture thus to report this incident in the life of Mr. Gough if I depended solely on my memory of events occurring more than sixty years ago. But I wrote in 1884 a brief sketch of Mr. Gough's life which is now out of print. A copy of that sketch lies before me now, and from it I quote the following brief report of this extraordinary trial:

"Mr. Gough's counsel opened the case, stated the facts, and called Mr. Gough to go into the witness-box. Mr. Gough thus at the outset offered himself to the opposing counsel for a searching cross-examination into his whole life. It was a simple thing to do if the charges were wholly false; it would have been a disastrous thing to do if there had been any color of truth in them, any ground even for a reasonable suspicion of their truth. Mr. Gough carried with him into the witness-box a little hand-bag. He swore positively that since 1845 never had wine, spirits, or any fermented liquor touched his lips; that he had never eaten opium, bought opium, possessed opium; that he had never touched or owned laudanum, except on that one occasion before his reformation, when he stopped on the edge of suicide; that the whole story in all its parts was an absolute fabrication. . . .

"Then, in answer to a question from his counsel, he opened his hand-bag and took out a little memorandum-book. It was one of several. It then appeared that ever since the commencement of his lecturing experiences he had kept a diary. In this diary he entered upon every day the place where he spent it, the persons with whom he spent it, his occupation, and, if he had lectured, the price received for his lecture. He was thus able to fix with certainty his exact place and the witnesses who could testify to his condition on every day. Slander was dumb. It dared not face that diary. A hurried consultation took place between Dr. Lees and his counsel. Then, in Dr. Lees's name, and in his presence, his counsel retracted the charges. He retracted the statement that his client knew of his own certain knowledge of Mr. Gough's intoxication. Everything was withdrawn. Mr. Gough left the witness-stand without being cross-examined. By consent a verdict was given to him of five guineas, a sum sufficient to carry costs."

The subsequent endeavors of Dr. Lees to retract his retraction had no effect upon public opinion. The verdict of the English people unanimously sustained the unanimous verdict of the English jury. What I wrote in 1884 is still true: "From that day to this, slander against his [Mr. Gough's] good name has never been repeated. Neither envy, nor malice, nor even partisanship, dares face that diary."

The closing years of Mr. Gough's life were spent in his rural home a few miles from Worcester, Massachusetts. Without education he became a master of the English language; without advantages of birth or early training he became a refined and cultivated gentleman; rescued from the depths of degradation by a kind word fitly spoken, he became a devout Christian. He was a great orator because he was in the best sense of that often abused term a great man. Endowed with a musical voice, a mobile face, a vivid imagination, a human sympathy equally capable of irresistible pathos and of an almost rollicking humor, all controlled and directed to a noble end by common sense and a masterful conscience, Mr. Gough rendered to his native land and to the land of his adoption a service the effects of which surpass all calculation.

And when he died men came from various parts of this country and messages from all parts of the civilized world to do honor to his memory at the simple funeral services held in his country home near Worcester, Massachusetts.

From "Sunlight and Shadow," by John B. Gough

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON AND MR. GOUGH AT THE BEDSIDE OF THE DYING BOY

Of the effect of Mr. Spurgeon's personality upon those who looked to him for comfort and support Mr. Gough wrote:

"I have seen Mr. Spurgeon holding by his power sixty-five hundred persons in a breathless interest; I knew him as a great man universally esteemed and beloved; but as he sat by the bedside of a dying pauper child, whom his beneficence had rescued, he was to me a greater and grander man than when swaying the mighty multitude at his will"

THE STAGE DOOR

A CLERGYMAN wrote to Edwin Booth, asking if he could not be admitted to his theater by a side or rear door, as he preferred to run no risk of being seen by any of his parishioners. The distinguished actor replied: "There is no door in my theater through which God cannot see." Lyman Abbott's article "Edwin Booth—Interpreter" is full of significant episodes from the life of Booth. It is the next of Dr. Abbott's "Snap-Shots of My Contemporaries," and appears in an early issue of The Outlook.

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PUNCH AND JUDY

A TALE

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

WHEN Judy Cronin first saw the topless towers of Manhattan rising into the lilac vagueness of a foggy winter morning, she passed into a numb and frightened daze. Standing on the steerage deck of the Celtic, she peered tremulously at these fantastic, impossible profiles of stone. Perhaps you don't know what it is to be thrown, ignorant and timid, into a place where everything is utterly strange—particularly a place as huge, violent, and hasty as New York. Judy, aged twenty-one, from a little village near Queenstown, was incapable of distinguishing in the roaring voice of the city that undertone of helpful kindness that is really there. On the same steamer came the widow of a famous Irish recusant and hunger-striker, and there were ten thousand people massed in West Street to cheer her. Judy heard the shouts of the crowd and saw the lines of policemen on the pier. There was some of that quiet but menacing shuffling with which the various branches of the English-speaking world show their esteem for each other. Judy was not familiar with that definition of a patriot as one who makes trouble for his harmless fellow-citizens; but it looked as though she was blundering into some more of the tribulations they had had at home.

At last her sister Connie found her sitting white and miserable on her very small trunk, clutching her imitation-silver coin-purse. Connie had been in New York for a couple of years, and it gave her a homesick throb to see that coin-purse—one of those little metal pocketbooks with slots to hold gold sovereigns and half-sovereigns. Father Daly had given it to Judy, years ago, but it had never had gold in the little sockets until Connie sent over the passage money to bring Judy to New York.

The city flashed by like a current-events film. Judy found herself in a friendly lodging-house in Brooklyn, kept by an Irishwoman who had been kind to Connie. Her sister then explained matters. Her own employers, with whom she had a position too good to abandon, had arranged to go South for the latter part of the winter. They had already delayed leaving so that Connie could meet her sister and get her settled. They had given Connie a few days' holiday for that purpose. Therefore Judy must get a place as soon as possible. And that very afternoon the sisters (Judy still in a kind of dreadful dream) went to the office of a Brooklyn newspaper to insert an advertisement.

A great many people were watching the "Situations Wanted" columns, and the next evening at supper time Mrs. Leland called up the lodging-house number, which had been given in the ad. Connie went to the telephone. Mrs. Leland had a pleasant voice and "talked like gentry," Connie said. She lived in Heathwood, Long Island, which is some twenty miles from town, and wanted a nurse to take care of two children. Connie agreed to take Judy out to Heathwood the next morning, to see if they could come to terms. Judy was inexperienced, but Mrs. Leland liked her looks. In short, by the time Judy had been in America three days she was installed at Mrs. Leland's home in the country; and a few days later Connie had gone off to Florida.

Now Judy was really very fortunate in these random proceedings, for she had found a good home under an exceptionally kind and understanding mistress. And therefore perhaps it was unreasonable of her to be so unhappy. But no one has ever demonstrated that human affairs are much controlled by reason. Judy was dumbly and piteously miserable. She was homesick and lonely, and half-mad with strangeness. She was not really slow-witted; but the confusion of her spirits put her into a kind of black stupor. Everything was uncouth to her: steam heat, electric light, gas stove, telephone—even the alarm clock in her bedroom. Not knowing how to turn off her radiator, and having the simple person's distrust of opening windows in a strange place, the first few nights she was sick with heat and suffocation. In her sleep she cried out indistinguishable words about being shot. In spite of Mrs. Leland's patient tuition, she made every possible kind of mistake. The children, with the quickness of youth, realized her inexperience and uncertainty, and played a thousand impish pranks. Mrs. Leland could see that the girl had been through distresses at home, and kept the evening papers, with their headlines about Ireland, out of sight. But one evening, in the kitchen, Judy came upon a Sunday rotogravure section with pictures of burned streets in Cork. The look of the people in those photographs went through her heart. The men wearing caps, the women in shawls, something even in the shape of trouser legs and heavy shoes, reminded Judy how far she was from all that she understood. It's the little things you take for granted at home that come back to hurt you when you're away. That night, sitting in her bedroom next the nursery, she shook herself ill with sobs.

One who might have helped her greatly took pains to add to her bewilderment. Hattie, Mrs. Leland's colored cook, a retainer of long standing, was sharply disgruntled at this new addition to the household. Jealousy was the root of Hattie's irritation, and it shot up a rapid foliage of poison ivy. The previous nurse, a bosom friend of Hattie's own race, had been discharged in December for incompetence. Moreover, Hattie had not forgotten poor naïve Judy's startled look when they first encountered. Judy had hardly seen a colored person before and was honestly alarmed. Hattie, though loyal to Mrs. Leland in her own primitive fashion, deeply resented this interloper. The invasion proved that Mrs. Leland was no longer entirely dependent on the particular clique of Heathwood colored society in which Hattie moved. The cook's logic was narrow but rigorous. The sooner the intruder could be discouraged out of the house, the sooner the Black Hussars (as Heathwood ladies called the colored colony on whom they largely relied for assistance) would resume undivided sway. Mrs. Leland had had a Polish girl as a stop-gap for a few days after the colored nurse left; and, observing the cook's demeanor toward this unfortunate, Mr. Leland had remarked that Hattie was working for a black Christmas.

So Hattie, who was sharp-tongued and very capable, hectored Judy whenever she entered the kitchen, and by all the black arts at her command (which were many) added to the girl's distress. Judy, in spite of her mistress's kindness, grew more and more wretched. As Mr. Leland said in private (pursuing the train of his previous pun), the maids were black and blue. Mrs. Leland, much goaded by domestic management and the care of a very small baby, began to wonder whether she had not added another child to look after rather than lightening her burdens. And then she saw that Judy was on the verge of nervous collapse. She tried to hearten the girl by giving her an extra holiday. Judy was given some money, packed off to the station in a taxi, and sent on her maiden trip to town, in the hope that city sights and shop windows would revive her interest in life. Mrs. Flaherty, the lodging-house lady in Brooklyn, was telephoned to, and promised to send her small boy to meet the girl at the station.

It happened to be the eve of the genial Saint Valentine's Day. Shop windows were gay with pleasantly exaggerated symbols of his romantic power. Winter afternoons in the city are cruel to the unfortunate, for the throng of the streets, the light and lure of the

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scene, make loneliness all the worse if there is trouble in your heart.

Judy sat in the waiting-room of the Long Island terminal in Brooklyn, and tears were on her face. She had somehow missed Mrs. Flaherty's lad. Then she had tried to find her way to the lodging-house, but grew more and more frightened and bewildered as she strayed. Giving that up, she had gone into a movie, and there, for a while, she had been happy. The favorites of the screen are the true internationalists: they speak a language, crude though it often is, which is known from Brooklyn to Bombay. But then pictures were shown of scenes in Ireland. She came out with cold hands, and wandered vaguely along the streets until dusk. Finally, in despair, she groped back to the station at Flatbush Avenue, and sat forlornly on a bench, too weary and sorry even to ask how to get home.

With the unerring instinct of the stranger for choosing the wrong place, she had blundered into the downstairs station, by the train gates, missing the waiting-room above, where departures are duly announced by orotund men in blue and silver. In that chilly cavern she sat, dumbly watching the press of homeward commuters laden with parcels and papers. Red signboards clattered up and down over the iron gates, and she puzzled doubtfully over such names as Ronkonkoma, Speonk, and Far Rockaway. The last somehow recalled a nursery rhyme and made her feel even more lost and homesick. Occasionally, with a gentle groan and rumble, an electric train slid up to the railing and stared at her with two fierce hostile eyes. The soda fountain in the corner was doing a big business; timidly she went over, feeling cold, and asked for tea. To her amazement, there were no hot drinks to be had. The people, all gulping iced mixtures, stared at her curiously. Sure, this is a mad country, she thought. The clock telling the time was the only thing she could properly understand.

So it was the clock, at last, that brought her to startled action. It was getting late. A tall, good-looking fellow in uniform came out of a room at the back of the station, carrying two lighted lanterns, He halted not far from where she was sitting, and compared his watch with the Western Union clock. Of all the hundreds she had seen, he was the first who looked easily questionable. With a sudden impulse Judy got up, clutching her coin-purse.

"If you please, where will I be after taking the train to Heathwood?" she said, nervously.

"Heathwood? The 6:18 makes Heathwood. Right over there; the gate's just opening. Change at Jamaica."

He looked down at her, wondering but kindly. He was puzzled at the frightened way she was staring at his cap; he could hardly have guessed that to wet eyes the embroidered letters had at first seemed to be LIAR. Her puny pinched face was streaked with tears, the red knitted muffler made her pallor even whiter. The little imitation fur trimmings on her coat sleeves and collar were worn and shabby.

"Thank you," she said blindly, and started off for the wrong gate.

"Hey!" he called, and overtook her in a few long strides. "This way, miss. Got your ticket?"

In a sudden panic she opened her purse, and could not find it.

"Oh, surely I've lost it!" she cried. "Where's the booking office?"

"The booking office?" he said. "D'you mean the news-stand? Here you are." He picked up the ticket, which she had dropped in her nervousness.

"That's all right," he said, encouragingly. "This train, over here. I'm one of the crew. I'll see you get there. Don't worry."

He escorted her through the gate and found her a seat on the train, beside a stout commuter half buried in parcels.

"Now you stay right here," he said. "I'll tell you when we get to Jamaica, and show you the Heathwood train." He smiled genially, and left her.

JUDY got out her wet handkerchief and wiped her face. As the train ran through the tunnel she wished she had been on the inside of the seat, for the dark window would have been useful as a mirror. "He saw me crying," she kept repeating to herself. The man beside her blanketed himself with a newspaper, and the pile of packages on his knees kept sliding over onto her lap, but she was oblivious. She was thinking of the tall man in blue with the queer cap. How kind he had been! The first real kindness she had met in all that nightmare afternoon.

Presently he came through the car. She could see him far down the aisle, leaning courteously over each seat. At first she thought he was just saying a friendly word to all the passengers. "Sure, that's like him," she said to herself; "he has a grand way with him." Then she saw that he was punching tickets with a sliver clipper. "Glory, it's the Guard himself," she thought. "I wonder will he speak to me again."

The fat man beside her thrust an arm out from his mass of bundles and held a large piece of red-striped cardboard across in front of her face. This reminded Judy of her own ticket, which was so different from her neighbor's that she worried for a moment lest it should not be valid. Here was her friend, bending above her with a smile.

"Everything all right?" he said. "The next stop's Jamaica. That's where you get off. Watch for me at this door, and I'll show you the Heathwood train." Click, click; the two tickets were punched, and he went on. Judy shut up her coin purse with a snap, and began to notice the hat worn by the lady in the seat in front.

At Jamaica she found him in the vestibule, his head overtopping the pushing crowd. "This way," he said, and led her quickly across the platform. "Jack," he said to the brakeman on the other train, "tell this lady when you get to Heathwood."

"WELL, Judy," said Mrs. Leland when her nursemaid got back to the house, "how much better you look! Did you have a good time?"

"Oh, a grand time," said Judy. Her face had a touch of color and indeed even her awkward bog-trotting gait seemed lighter and more sprightly.

"That's good," said her mistress. "You'd better run down and get some supper before Hattie puts everything away. You can put Jack to bed after you've had something to eat."

"Pretty late for supper," grumbled Hattie, as Judy came into the kitchen. "Doan' you think I got nothing to do but wait on you?"

"I'll get my own supper," said Judy, politely. "Don't you bother."

"You've got a head on your shoulders," said Hattie, banging some dishes on the kitchen table. "Whyn't you use it and get back on time?"

"The black banshee's up in arms again," said Judy to herself. "I'll hold my peace."

"That's the trouble with foreigners," growled Hattie. "They ain't got no sense. These Irish micks come over here, puttin' on airs, where nobody wants 'em."

Judy's sallow cheek began to burn a darker tint.

"Ah, nabocklish!" she said. "There's somebody loves me, at any rate."

She hurried through supper, and ran upstairs to put Jack to bed. The six-year-old was amusing himself by snapping open and shut something that gleamed in the lamplight.

"Here!" she said. "What are you doing with Judy's purse?"

Jack looked up in surprise. It was the first time that he had heard that note of command in the meek Judy's voice.

"I found it on your bureau," he said.

"Well, leave it be, darlin'." She took it from him. "Glory above, what's become of—"

She fell on her knees on the floor and began searching.

"Ah, here 'tis!" she cried, gladly. From the rug she picked up a tiny red cardboard heart, and replaced it carefully in one of the sockets of her purse.

"What is it?" said Jack, yawning.

"Sure, it's my valentine!" said Judy. "It ain't many girls that gets a valentine from a big handsome man like that the first time he sees them."

I have often wondered how many of the Long Island trainmen use a heart-shaped punch.

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OUR FIRST EMPLOYER-PRESIDENT

A LABOR VIEW OF HARDING

BY HAROLD LORD VARNEY

(C) Edmonston from International

PRESIDENT-ELECT HARDING AT WORK IN THE COMPOSING-ROOM OF THE MARION "STAR"

"I did not go to the famous house on Mount Vernon Street when I reached the candidated city. Instead I went to the less famous shop on Main Street, which proclaimed itself as the habitation of the Marion 'Star.' For it was here, among his fifty employees, that Warren G. Harding had written the indelible record of his labor personality"

TO many minds the chief significance of Warren G. Harding's election to the Presidency is not the political significance—stupendous though that may be. It is the labor significance. It is the significance of the fact that in this crisis of industrial unrest the voters have for the first time in the history of the Presidency chosen a practical employer of labor to the White House. At last we have a President who understands labor.

This labor significance of the man Harding was first borne in upon me when I visited the Marion Labor Day celebration in the middle of the recent campaign.

Since the Chicago Convention I had been among the skeptics. Like millions of others in the labor movement, I had been listening to the diatribes of Mr. Gompers and Mr. Morrison, and carelessly acquiescing. This obscure Senator, this backwoods printer—what did he know of the practical labor movement? Had he not always been numbered among the reactionary ones? Was there aught in his political record to indicate anything more than an opportunist's grasp of the myriad-patterned problem of labor?

And besides, I could not but ask myself humorously, could any National labor philosophy come out of Marion, Ohio?

Nevertheless I was willing to go to Marion to convince myself when opportunity arose on Labor Day.

I

I did not go to the famous house on Mount Vernon Street when I reached the candidated city. Instead I went to the less famous shop on Main Street, which proclaimed itself as the habitation of the Marion "Star." For it was here, among his fifty employees, in this shop where he had spent the thirty-eight years of his working life, that Warren G. Harding had written the indelible record of his labor personality. And it was here, I realized, that I must come to read it. What kind of an employer had he been? What kind of a shop had he established?

The Harding publishing plant, be it stated, is not an imposing building. Indeed, one would hardly suspect it of housing anything more than a corner grocery until one entered it. To describe it best one would say that it was a typical Marion building. A three-story brick, a building whose counterpart greets one grayly in a thousand other monotonous county-seat towns of the Middle West.

In this unpretentious building are housed the journalistic activities of the Marion "Star" and the medical activities of lovable old "Pop" Harding.

Inside Elmer Blazer met me—Blazer, Harding's friend and long-time foreman; a simple yet strong-charactered man who greeted me with the "Howdy" cordiality which one meets only in the interurban belt of Ohio and Indiana. Certainly no one in Marion could have better served the purposes of my investigation than Elmer Blazer.

"What kind of an employer is Warren G.?" he repeated after I had explained my mission. "Well, I'm foreman. Don't ask me. Ask these boys." And he waved toward a long line of busy compositors and linotypers and pressmen. "See if you can find any kicks in *this* plant." He passed me down the line.

I didn't. What I did find was a loyalty and an affection for the absent Warren G. that burst spontaneously and eagerly from every man. If there was any concealed bitterness in this little shop, I would have detected it behind the protestations, for I plumbed for it. But it wasn't there. It was a one hundred per cent Harding shop.

With clumsy eagerness, each employee threw incident and assertion at me in quite bewildering profusion, bubbling with reminiscence, vociferous with enthusiasm—as though every man were anxious to cram me to overflowing with ammunition to be used in the cause of their idolized Warren G.

"If you want to know what Warren Harding's labor attitude is, you needn't go any farther than this room," asserted one of the linotypers, who was described to me as the oldest union man in the plant. "We've got our union and our closed shop and our union scale of wages here, but Warren G. goes us one better than the union even. Since the beginning of the European scrap he's been voluntarily raising our wages every time the high cost of living goes up—so that we can't even keep our union scale up with his raises. To-day every union man in the plant draws from $778 to $884 a year more than the contracted union scale. That's the kind of boss we've got."

"Did you ever have a strike in this plant?" I prodded.

"Never!" came the reply. "We never needed to. Warren G. has always granted every demand the union has made. Why, it was he who urged us to form

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the union, seventeen years ago. He gave us a hall to meet in, rent free, and he has been like a big brother to the union through all these years."

"Tell him about the guy that ran off with the funds," broke in one of the pressmen, who had been hovering near.

"Oh, yes," resumed my informant. "There was a time a few years ago when a dirty rat skipped with all our union funds. We didn't have our treasurer bonded in those days, so the loss broke us all up. Some of the boys wanted to bust up the union altogether. And what do you suppose Warren G. did? He came forward and advanced us the full deficit. And that saved the union. You couldn't strike against a boss like that, could you?"

The logic of the incident was unescapable. Could this be the Harding whom the leaders of the A. F. of L. had stigmatized as a foe of labor-unionism? I asked myself. Already I found myself reconstructing my point of view—losing the doubts which I had brought with me to Marion.

The closed-shop character of the Harding shop I found to be all the more significant from the fact that Marion is an open-shop town. The large industrial plants in Marion have long been bitterly hostile to unionism. While in Marion I heard whispered tales of scores of men discharged and starved out of town from one of the large plants when it was discovered that they had formed a union. And yet in this atmosphere Warren G. Harding has unwaveringly upheld a régime of closed-shop unionism in his plant, and has found it strikeless. Was not the loyalty which burst so spontaneously from his men as I interviewed them that morning the best testimony to his wisdom?

Blazer told me other things. No man had ever been discharged from the Harding shop. To land a job with Harding was to be certain of employment as long as one was able to work. I met one old fellow past eighty years old who had been with the Marion "Star" for forty years. Another one informed me that he had been with Warren G. for thirty-three years, another twenty-eight years, one twenty-seven years, another twenty-six years. The "kid" of the plant among the printers, in point of years of service, had been in the composing-room for fifteen years.

"And many of these men are stockholders," Blazer added.

I caught him quickly on the statement—I had heard vaguely that the Senator was an advocate of profit-sharing. Here was a hint of another very significant phase of the Harding character.

To my surprise. I learned that many years ago Mr. Harding had introduced one of the most generous systems of profit-sharing among his employees.

"It was when he was elected to the Senate," Blazer explained. "Warren G. felt that some incentive ought to be given to his employees to manage the plant and assume the responsibilities during his absences. And so he capitalized at $80,000 and distributed $30,000 of the stock among the employees at par, to be paid for on easy installment terms. But as it worked out the stock cost us nothing at all. The earnings on the stock during the long period granted us equaled the original cost and repaid it, so that the $30,000 turned out to be a virtual gift. None of the balance of this stock was offered to the public for sale.

"The result of this profit-sharing system has been to make every employee firmly loyal to the interests of this concern. And perhaps that also explains why you find us all enthusiastic Harding boosters in this campaign. The Senator has been a true friend to all of us."

I wonder how many other employers have tried the Harding method of generosity to their employees and been repaid, as he has, in dividends of loyalty. Certainly the profit-sharing movement in America ought to find a great impetus from this Harding example. There is significance in the fact that our first employer-President should also be of the school of the profit-sharers.

I left the Harding shop with a clearly defined image of the man Harding in my mind. And it was not the image that I had carried with me when I went there. Here was no bungling, benighted labor tyrant, such as one might have expected. Here was a man who had written all over his shop the evidences of the highest genius of labor management. Here was a man who, in his limited field, had solved all the practical problems of an employer. And yet there was something more which I had still to learn.

II

Concede that the President-to-be was a model employer. Concede that he had found the ideal relationship between himself and the men to whom he paid wages. Was there a comprehensive labor philosophy behind all this? Did he have a vision for National labor, as well as for Marion labor?

For remember, it was not merely the employer that I had come to study—it was the employer who was a candidate for President of the United States.

He was to enter an office where all the snarling waves of Nation-wide industrial hate were to be dashed against him to still. Had he the National vision? Had he the coal-mine vision, and the Detroit vision, and the roaring, black-skied Pittsburgh vision, the vision of men laboring on wharves and in ships upon the sea, the vision of the cotton-mill hand in New Bedford, just as truly as that of the lumberjack camp on the desolate northern Kootenai—indeed, the vision of all that far-flung empire of toiling men and clashing dreams that makes up the living stuff of our American industrial problem? Would he carry with him to Washington a practical Marion-learned solution?

To know this, I told myself, I must see the man Harding himself.

I fell in with the crowds who seemed to be all moving in one direction that day—to the Labor celebration in Lincoln Park. All Marion was turning out to hear the Harding message to labor.

This Harding Labor Day speech has been little noted, among the other and more partisan utterances of the campaign. Admittedly it was not Harding at his oratorical best. There was in it none of the finish of labored or scholarly preparation. It was spontaneous—homely. But for that very reason it gives us just the insight that we need into the fundamental labor principles of this future President.

Certainly to one who, like myself, sees the labor problem as the supreme political test of the coming four years, no other Harding pronouncement could ring with a tenser significance than this colloquial exposition of his labor creed, delivered that afternoon to his neighbors, employees, and lifelong fellow-workers of Marion, Ohio.

In the first place, it was a smashing reply to my Gompers-implanted doubt that this employer-candidate had a labor vision. And to that other doubt which I had wrestled with—the doubt whether, out of little bush-league Marion, Ohio, could come a National labor philosophy.

Surprisingly enough, that was just what Senator Harding proposed that afternoon for all the sedition-torn industries of America—*a Marion, Ohio, labor philosophy.*

There *is* a way to industrial peace—to the harmony of employer and employee, said the Senator. Our cold polyglot Pittsburghs haven't found that way. Our neighborly little Marions have. The great dehumanized ten thousand man power mills, where human beings are automatons and where toil is soulless and without inspiration, have strayed tragically from that way. But in the humble little fifty or one hundred man power workshops in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, or in Kokomo, Indiana, or in Marion, Ohio, where the man who represents capital is still John or Bill or Warren, as the case may be, to his overalled neighbor who represents labor—*the way of industrial peace has never yet been lost.*

And, generalizing upon the lesson of this contrast, Senator Harding has formulated his labor philosophy.

That philosophy is the philosophy of the little shop to be applied to the industrial problem of the big shop. Something is psychologically wrong with the labor relations which have grown up in our large city factories. Something is psychologically right in the industrial relations which have always obtained in our small neighborhood factories. Into the one has come anarchy. In the other there is still the sweet, sane Americanism that has been the glory of our past. And so, in the consciousness of this fact, Senator Harding urges for all America the industrial programme of the small shop.

Don't understand me as saying that the Senator presented his thought in just this sharpness or that he literally

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drew this contrast. It was the implication that was there, not the statement. Remember that I had seen the shop on Main Street before I heard the speech at Lincoln Park, and so I could not but read the backgrounds in his conclusions. It was as though I recognized the laboratory in the idea.

And what is the application of this Harding philosophy? What is this labor gospel of the small shop?

In a phrase, I would call it *humanized industry*. It is to restore the human impulse to labor relationships.

The trouble with the factory to-day, says the Senator, is that it has become mechanical—soulless—automatic. And the result has made labor equally mechanical and disinterested. Gone is the old flesh-and-blood touch which once inspired the fine team-work of our industries. The worker to-day is shut out from the vision of industry as a whole. He can see industry neither as a person nor even as a process, but only as a monotonous, meaningless wage-job. How can we expect loyalty in such an atmosphere of aloofness?

Let us go back, then, to the spirit of the small shop and restore personal contact.

> "When there was intimate touch in industry," said the Senator, "there was little or rare misunderstanding. I want that intimacy restored, not in the old way, but through a joint committee of employers and employees, not to run the business, but to promote and maintain the mutuality of interest and the fullest understanding. Herein lies the surest remedy for most of our ills. Nay, more, I will put it more strongly; I have spoken of the preventive—the understanding which prevents disputes or settles them on the spot."

It will be noted from this that the new President is in line with the "shop council" movement which is so strongly urged by many industrial students. But not with an ideal of "industrial democracy," as with so many of the shop councilites. Abstract motives have little place in the Harding beliefs. He is for a "joint committee" for its *practical* possibilities—for the industrial understanding that it will bring, for the industrial team-work that it will inspire. On this, as on all other labor theories, Harding's attitude is always consistently the attitude of the practical employer, never of the mere idealist. And therein lies its value.

> "The need of to-day," continues the Senator, "is the extension by employers of the principle that each job in the big plant is a little business of its own. The reason men in modern, specialized industry go crazy from lack of self-expression is that they are allowed to be mere mechanical motion-makers. They ought to be taught by employers the significance of the job—its unit costs, its relations to other operations, the ways to its greater efficiency. In a word, the employer owes it to his men to make them feel that each little job is a business of its own. In that way, as some one has said, the job stops being an enemy of the man and becomes his associate and friend."

Cannot one trace the origin of this creed of the Senator's to that little Harding print-shop where I had found that every "job" *was* a proud little business of its own?

With this regeneration of the job spirit, the Senator looks for a revival of the sterling old American philosophy of *work* and its Nation-needed resultant, *increased production*.

> "Let no one beguile you with dreams of idleness," he cries. "Life without toil, if possible, would be an intolerable existence. Work is the supreme engagement, the sublime luxury of life."

Again and again, this thought rings passionately through his speeches—*work!* It is his unquestioned solution of the labor problem. Work, that to the employer means increased production and mightier National bounty. Work, that to the employee means an antidote to the seditious dreams of idleness. Here we have touched the very heart of the Senator's personal as well as public philosophy.

One can never listen to a Harding eulogy of "work" without thinking of that youth who, thirty-eight years ago, on a borrowed hundred dollars, bought a bankrupt country paper. Of the labor—the devoted, unsparing labor—that has filled these years since. The eternal struggle toward that so-distant star that Warren G. Harding must have seen sometimes in his dreams even then—the glittering star of the Presidency. The hopelessness of it all, the grim toilsomeness of it! And yet to-day that Marion boy has reached that incredible height. Is it surprising that he should cry devotion to that spirit of "work" which has lifted him to such a destiny?

There is no cant in this Harding philosophy.

III

I shall not try to trace the labor programme of the new President through each of the specific current labor problems. In his speech of acceptance he covered most of them. In his Labor Day address we can read the others. And the survey which I have already given of his own shop and employees is more informative than any words of his attitude on the greatest question of all—the trade-union question.

What I have tried to do in this article is to give a picture of the Senator himself and of his fundamental labor motives; to picture the Harding approach to labor problems; to set down the basic spirit of the man as I have read that spirit in this and later contacts.

For myself, I was satisfied that first day of one thing—that I had been all wrong in my previous estimate of the man. I found that he *had* a labor philosophy. I found that he *had* a National vision which was all the more valuable because it was personal. I found that he *had* a sympathy for the workingman that was deeper and sincerer than the sympathy of any of his more recent predecessors in the Presidency. And I found that, despite the legend, he was not without honor in his own country. And perhaps this is the greatest tribute of all to the sincerity of a man.

THE UNPROGRESSIVE PRISON

BY B. OGDEN CHISHOLM

HALF of one per cent of our population spends part of each year charged with some form of criminality—that is, one man in every two hundred. Yet we continue our worn-out methods.

Prisoners should be producers, not consumers only, fed, clothed, and amused at the expense of the public. As it is now, no effort is made to have the lawbreaker provide practical demonstration of his ability to maintain himself and support his family. It is illogical and invites disaster. The longer the sentence, the greater the harm.

A judge recently criticised our prison system, and doubled the sentence of an old offender as an example to others, adding these words, "Prison years must be made years of suffering." If this pronouncement were intended as a remedial measure, it is a sad commentary upon our laws aiming to dispense justice. Much more would be accomplished if "prison years were made years of restitution and awakening."

It is unfortunate that the spirit of revenge should so cloud our intelligence as to compel a system so utterly indefensible, resulting in groups of inefficient men sent from our prisons handicapped, weakened in will power and physical resistance, unable to meet the problems of life. At a time when there is a cry for production the hands of prisoners are misdirected to fatten the purse of a rich contractor, or their work is carried on with little forethought to benefit them or the State. Half a million men pass yearly through

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the prisons, and a wage offered as an incentive for faithful effort is rarely considered.

A man, bond or free, in creating something is happy when he receives recognition for his labor. Forced labor is not necessary to maintain discipline, accomplishing nothing beyond stirring up a rebellious spirit.

In the latest development of employing and paying prisoners, New Jersey has taken a step forward, announcing a plan to enable inmates to earn something. State Commissioner Burdette G. Lewis is quite enthusiastic about it, and makes it clear that training, not production, is the prime motive of the enterprise.

Warden Lewis E. Lawes, of Sing Sing Prison, realizing the feeble efforts made by New York to compensate prisoners, expressed the hope that legislators of the Empire State who have sidestepped the issue would soon be aroused to similar action.

An inmate from a New York State prison recently wrote me: "If I received nothing, I should never give the matter a second thought, but if my work is worth something I should be paid enough to urge me to better efforts. Under the present plan, I am compelled to think that whatever I do is worthless. If actually accomplishing nothing, I should receive nothing, and thus learn the law of compensation."

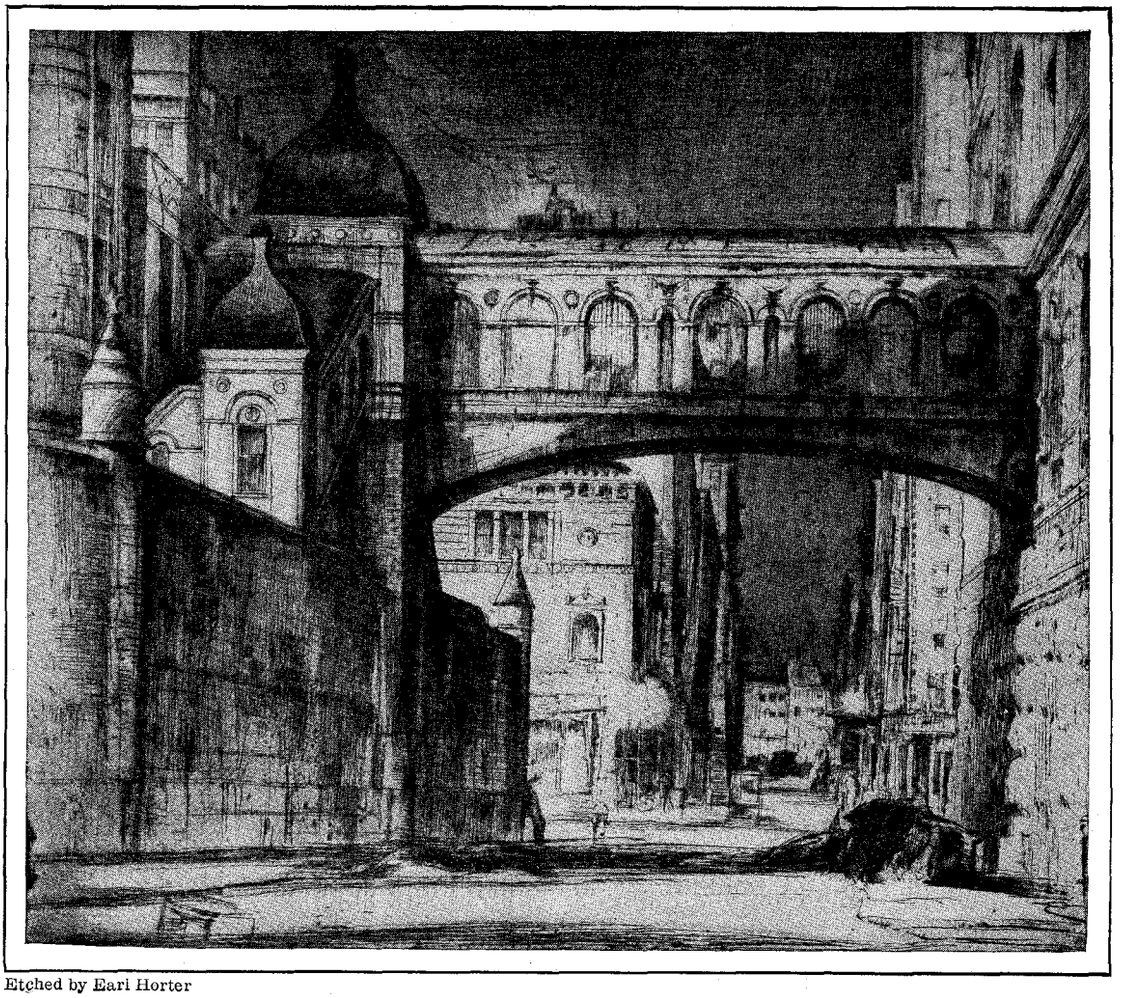
Minnesota is considered the leader in compensating prisoners, although her plan at the Stillwater Prison differs from New Jersey, aiming more at production. Twenty thousand farming machines and three million pounds of binder twine found a ready market among the farmers in the wheat fields last year. The gross sales were over half a million, a portion being paid in wages to the inmates. Labor union leaders approved the plan, having studied the situation and expressed themselves satisfied that keeping men busy with a wage to support their families tended towards contentment and reduction of crime.

Labor unions want to see prisoners busy and properly paid to prepare them for release, to prevent them becoming a menace to the community. They oppose the contract system and release of such goods to the open market, because the system drives prisoners beyond physical endurance, producing an inferior grade of goods.

Michigan is not far behind in her efforts to inculcate respect among inmates at the State Prison in Jackson. Last year eighty thousand dollars was paid in wages to twelve hundred men. The industries are varied, thus giving men a better choice, for besides a 5,000-acre farm, there are marble and brick works, a canning factory, and a leather tannery.

The cost of maintaining our prisons in an unproductive state involves the public in a fabulous outlay of money. Not only are taxes increased, but the criminal tendencies of the inmates as well, for they return to society more embittered. The aim of the prison should be to correct the man and fit him to usefulness in his circle of life. It is old-time prejudice that prevents us from demonstrating self-respect with compensation for an honest day's work. It is evident that the public is beginning to understand this.

The prison, to function properly, must show a profit in men and money, and public opinion must guide it in this channel. Ancient traditions have prevented the prisons from becoming places of education and enlightenment. A system established along economic lines to correct rather than corrupt men will eliminate the waste which characterizes methods as they exist to-day.



Etched by Earl Horter

BRIDGE OF SIGHS, NEW YORK TOMBS

Over the "Bridge of Sighs" pass convicted criminals from New York's Criminal Courts Building into the Tombs, whence they are taken away to serve their sentences in the prisons of the Empire State

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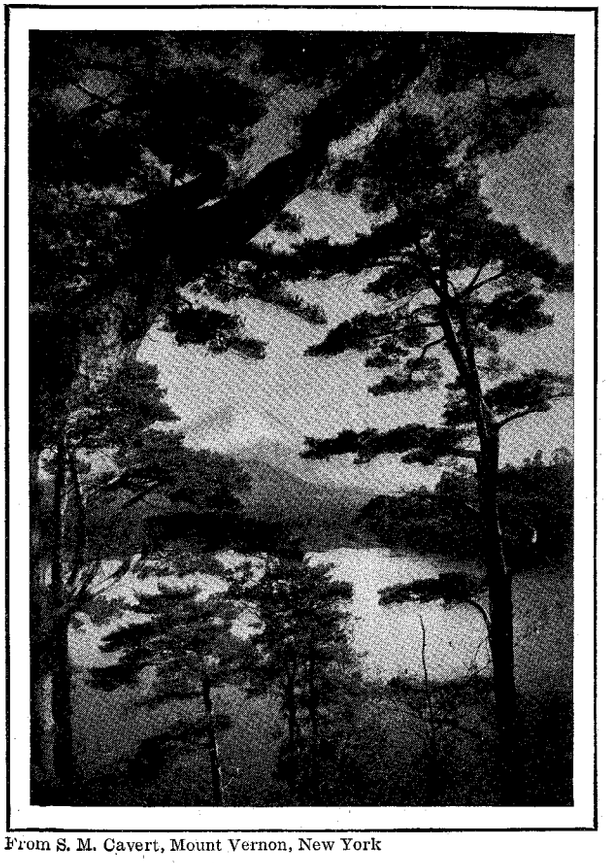
FROM THE NEAR AND FAR EAST

SNAP-SHOTS BY OUTLOOK READERS

From Lucius E. Thayer, Cambridge, Massachusetts

PERA AND GALATA—THE GREEK, ARMENIAN, AND EUROPEAN SECTION OF CONSTANTINOPLE

This section of the city, our contributor says, is now to be administered by the British. The tower in the background is the well-known "Galata Tower," formerly the citadel, and now used as a fire signal station. Of the scene visible from this landmark, Edwin A. Grosvenor says in his History of Constantinople, "Human language is inadequate to shadow, even faintly, the unutterable loveliness and magnificence of the view"



From S. M. Cavert, Mount Vernon, New York

JAPAN'S SACRED MOUNTAIN, FUJIYAMA, SEEN FROM LAKE HAKONE

Fujiyama is the focus of Japanese legend and is a familiar object in Japanese art. Its sacred places are annually frequented by many thousands of pilgrims

A GATEWAY THROUGH THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA, NORTH OF PEKING

A caravan of Mongolian traders are seen coming through the gateway into China—their camels loaded with goods for the Peking market

From W. F. Savale, Orange, New Jersey

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THE BOOK TABLE

MIDWINTER FICTION

BETWEEN the outpouring of novels in November and December and the smaller but lively stream in the early spring, there is a quiet, midwinter season. Then the reader and reviewer may catch breath and at least keep within sight of the squadrons of fictional ventures launched in the hopes of riding proudly on the high tide of popular favor—too often, alas! to be stranded in the back eddies of Carnegie libraries and second-hand book stores. It would be easy, even in these dull days of production, to name forty or fifty novels fairly to be called midwinter fiction. No two critics would agree on choice of the "best ten," and no critic can feel confident that he has not passed over books more worthy than those in which he has felt a special interest. My shelf of novels read may not be vastly superior to that of novels unread. Here, however, are some disconnected impressions of stories that for authorship or promise or actual performance have given pleasure or excited admiration—and the two things are by no means the same.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's novel "The Sisters-in-Law,"[1] for instance, is entertaining in parts, but it is not notably admirable as a whole. It is the most serious piece of fiction work she has done for some time, and bears the marks of care and thought. It is strong, too, as a study of California society distinctions and social caste in the period just before and after the San Francisco disaster of 1906. Incidentally it contains a moving and vivid description of earthquake scenes and the terror that followed. The feminine psychology is clever and keen. But the men are sticks; Mrs. Atherton's men generally are. The one exception is the rough-and-ready Socialist workman who is induced to teach Marxian philosophy to a little group of fashionable women; Kirkpatrick is the real thing and is a figure that lingers in mind long after the putative hero is forgotten.

There is much clever talk, but there is no situation or fictional problem that "carries through" convincingly. These two "sisters-in-law" meet almost casually and for a few hours only the same wonderful Englishman (we are told that he is wonderful, but we never quite see why), instantaneously fall in love with him, and maintain that love after years of separation from even the sight of him; so that, although one of the women has been married and the other absorbed in professional work, both flare up into passionate longing for him, and one almost decides to murder the other to whom the lordly lover finally throws the handkerchief. Now love at first sight is common (perhaps), but two parallel loves at first sight, continued through years of absence, is a bit too much! The reader simply doesn't care which sister-in-law wins. Thus the central idea "falls down" and the judicious reader regrets that the book does not balance right. And he also revolts a little at such profundities as this: "In the Latin races the conscious war be-

GERTRUDE ATHERTON

tween the brain above and the ego below, with the latter's constant reminders that mind is a mere excrescence, often warped or ill directed, at the apex of the perfect body, is almost negligible." This may be wisdom, and again it may be piffle!

Storm Jameson is a new English novelist. One reader at least read "The Happy Highways"[2] through under full belief that the author was a man, and would surely have said that there was masculine virility in the style if he had not happened to learn that Storm Jameson was a woman. There is a good deal more than promise here; the book is one that stirs feeling and stimulates thought. It is unconventional, will shock Puritans and precisians by its frankness of language and situation, yet emphatically it is not evil-minded, but sincerely eager to help modern tendencies of self-expression to turn toward truth and world betterment. What is the spirit of Young England? What is to be its social future? What kind of reintegration will follow the disintegration of war? Miss Jameson does not *argue* about these things. She *shows* us a group of English lads and one fine-natured girl. They are brilliant, almost reckless, inquirers into the life about them. They are far from being reformers; they simply "want to know" about life and things. One of them says: "In England marks of the effort of thought are commonly held to be undignified and unnecessary—almost indecent." They roar with ironic laughter at social charlatanry; they have no use for sham philosophy or sham reform; they find feminine society largely "a mob of half-educated, acquisitive women, spending their abundant leisure on little dashes at new sensations."

It may be justly charged that the book is destructive rather than constructive. The sole contribution of this group of Eikonoklasts is a sort of "intellectual slumming," as some one called it, whereby they tried to get workmen to read about science and art. But if the author gets us nowhere she decidedly makes us sit up and take notice. Her publishers pretty well define the novel when they announce it as "Youth's revolt against conventional and the old solutions of old problems." No H. G. Wells philosophy satisfies this restless, battling crowd; they want action, but neither they nor the author know what action they want.

Whatever else may be said about this book, it is not boresome. The sharpness of movement and clash of mental swords keep the reader wide awake, and the individual characters with their loves and prejudices and aspirations stand out like etched figures. One hopes that Miss Jameson's next book may be a little more definite in purpose and no less clever in execution.

The "Lady Lilith"[3] of Mr. Stephen McKenna's novel with that title is so called by a reluctant admirer because she is mysterious and dangerous in her strange charm. She is really Lady Barbara, daughter of an English ambassador, who has his hands full in trying to keep her within bounds. She is also a friend of that Sonia whom Mr. McKenna has made a central figure in two widely read stories. In fact, Barbara is a Sonia intensified and more reckless in her social extravagances. Sonia herself and O'Rane, her blinded husband, whom she so shamelessly deserted—a crime for which some of us cannot forgive Mr. McKenna—appear again as minor characters in "Lady Lilith."

This novel is the first of a trilogy with the appetizing general title of "The Sensationalists." Publicity, excitement, outrages on the usual social proprieties, half-sincere superstition, are the traits of the aristocratic girl of 1920 in London, if Barbara is a type. Her wit, cheek, and charm carry her through. The author knows his London of to-day, and his people move about it as on a stage, talking brilliantly and acting amusingly, if not always reasonably. Lady Barbara's future adventures and romances will be looked for with interest by readers of "Lady Lilith," for of course the first novel of the trilogy

[1] The Sisters-in-Law. By Gertrude Atherton. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

[2] The Happy Highways. By Storm Jameson. The Century Company, New York.

[3] Lady Lilith. By Stephen McKenna. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

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leaves her fate undetermined—one judges that she is to have one desperate love affair per volume.

Mr. Blasco Ibañez has a powerful basic idea in his "The Enemies of Women"[4]—the effect of the war in finally reaching the sensibilities of even the most sensual and sodden of rich pleasure-seekers and self-indulgent princely parasites. Incidentally there are realistic pictures of the gambling crowd at Monte Carlo and Monaco, with their infatuation, superstitions, and absorbing cupidity. The Russian prince and his satellites who form themselves into a band called "The Enemies of Women" have for their motto the false apothegm, "Man's greatest wisdom consists in getting along without women." Accordingly, as might be expected, the story is full of women and their influence, but there is hardly a decent woman in the book. To speak plainly, the lustful animalism of these men and women is sickening. Critics in these days are too generally afraid of being considered Miss Nancys to speak out about such matters, but, in the name of common decency and good taste (even if morality is not concerned), there should be a protest against such scenes and talk as occur here and there in this book. And the abler the writer, the less pardonable the offense.

Two stories of Western outdoor life and action are tense with excitement. Mr. Jackson Gregory's "Man to Man"[5] is dramatic and thrilling; the girl of the tale is a lovable spitfire and a true bit of character-painting—a thing rather unusual in cowboy tales. Mr. Gregory writes vigorously and freshly, as his "Bells of San Juan" testified. In the present tale of the Southwest the interest is concentrated and continuous. The one thing that mars the book is the difficulty one has in believing that a grandfather, even if he is called "Hell Roaring Packard," ever would set a dastardly and murderous criminal to ruin and persecute the grandson in order to bring out the latter's self-confidence and heroism. It is not the grandfather's fault, but chance, courage, and good luck that save the precious grandchild's life. Mr. Bowers can always be depended on to tell a cowboy story with real knowledge of the cow-country and its ways. "Cow-Country"[6] is a capital tale, as good as anything in its class. Three horses in particular are delightful to meet—Sunfish, Smoky, and Stopper are their names. And Bud Birnie's childhood, spent partly in a cattle drive in a prairie schooner with his parents, partly on a big ranch in southern Wyoming, is full of reality and novelty. There is plot galore, possibly a bit too much.

"Kaleema,"[7] by Marion McClelland, has its special merit in the detailed, precise, photographic picture of the life of a young actress in a struggling "one night" theatrical company playing "East Lynne," "Camille," and the like. The author has been through the mill and knows the fun and the wretchedness of show life on the road. The tragedy of the heroine's mother is worked too hard and becomes mere bathos.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

[4] The Enemies of Women. By V. Blasco Ibañez. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.
[5] Man to Man. By Jackson Gregory. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
[6] Cow-Country. By B. M. Bower. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.
[7] Kaleema. By Marion McClelland. The Century Company, New York.

(C) Underwood

VICENTE BLASCO IBAÑEZ

THE NEW BOOKS

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

DAME SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE, AND OTHER PAPERS (THE). By Samuel McChord Crothers. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Dr. Crothers is essayist, humorist, and social preacher in one. We have enjoyed some of these now gathered papers twice—once in periodical form and now as here permanently preserved—and not less the second time than the first. We particularly commend his talks on "The Pilgrims" and "The Education of Henry Adams."

SCIENCE

STORY OF THE ENGINE (THE): FROM LEVER TO LIBERTY MOTOR. By Wilbur F. Decker, M.E. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"The Story of the Engine" covers in a most interesting and non-technical fashion the fundamental principles governing the construction and operation of the various types of machines used in transforming fuel into power and manufacture for transportation. It may be recommended as a text-book for students of mechanical drawing or industrial work, a fact which in no way diminishes its interest to the general reader. It is a good book to give a boy with a mechanical turn of mind.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

CALIFORNIAN TRAILS: INTIMATE GUIDE TO THE OLD MISSIONS. By Trowbridge Hall. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The fortunate people who expect to visit southern California will find this book a valuable one to prepare them for one of the most interesting features of that delightful region—the old Missions. Others, to whom the subject is attractive but who may not wish to read the histories dealing with the subject, will find these sketches satisfying.

IN OLD PENNSYLVANIA TOWNS. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

Miss Wharton loves the old Pennsylvania towns and makes the reader of her book love them. Her sprightly account of her motor trips among them is based on an intimate knowledge of the history of the towns and of the people who lived and now live in them. There are many attractive pictures.

NATURALIST ON LAKE VICTORIA (A). By G. D. Hale Carpenter. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York.

The author devoted several years to the study of the tse-tse fly (whose bite causes the dreaded "sleeping sickness") on the shores and islands of Lake Victoria, in Central Africa. The results of his investigations are recorded here, together with many other scientific data gathered during this period. The book contains not a little matter of interest to the general reader, in its descriptions of scenery, animals, birds, etc., but its appeal is primarily to the specialist. There are many pictures.

SOUTHWEST SKETCHES. By J. A. Munk. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Pleasantly discursive chapters about the Southwest—ranches, mesas, cattle, snake dances, etc.—by one who is thoroughly familiar with the region and loves it. Attractive photographs illustrate the book.

TALES OF A VANISHING RIVER. By Earl H. Reed. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York.

Sketches of places and personalities of the vanishing Middle West, with exceptionally good illustrations by the author. The quaint characters thus pictured are described with a dry humor that will attract many readers.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES OF RAPHAEL PUMPELLY. By Raphael Pumpelly. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Few men have been through more exciting adventures than Raphael Pumpelly, as readers of his "Reminiscences" learned a year or so ago. This book is a condensation of the "Reminiscences" and is especially designed for juvenile readers. It will furnish absorbing reading for them, with a "thrill" on almost every page.

WONDERLAND OF THE EAST (A). By William Copeman Kitchin, Ph.D. Illustrated. The Page Company, Boston.

Professor Kitchin has made a travel book for thoughtful readers which will enhance their interest in "seeing America first." The East he describes consists of parts of New York and New England; if not exactly a "wonderland," it is at least a very pleasant land, and readers of his book will be very pleasantly entertained by his account of his journeys through it.

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THE EDITORS' MAIL BAG

THE Y AND THE KNIGHTS

I WAS very much interested in your editorial in The Outlook of January 5 last, entitled "A Papal Step Backwards." It treated a ticklish subject tactfully, and it met with my fullest approval. But within a day or two I took occasion to refer to it in conversation with a young Irish lawyer of the Catholic faith, a friend of mine, and a young man of broad views even on subjects touching his faith.

He gave me this explanation of the Papal decree: It appears, from his statement, that the by-laws of the Young Men's Christian Association bar any one from holding office in that organization who is not "of the Evangelical faith." The words quoted have been so construed by the organization as to exclude Jews and Catholics.

My friend stated further that he had been approached to join the organization, and to the committee that waited upon him he suggested that, as he was a Catholic, he could not be received into full membership of the Young Men's Christian Association, inasmuch as he would not be permitted to hold office; that his membership must necessarily be of a limited character, different from other members because of his faith, and that he did not care to join an organization in which his religious principles were a ban to his holding office if he were otherwise qualified. The committee expressed entire ignorance of such a by-law and were disposed to question its existence. My friend suggested that they make inquiry, and if he was mistaken and they would return and repeat the invitation to membership and satisfy him that no such by-law existed he would cheerfully join. He says the committee never returned, and one of them, afterwards meeting him on the street, admitted that he was right.

If this be true, it seems to me that there is some ground for the head of the Catholic Church to look upon the organization with some degree of disfavor.

I have been a reader of your magazine for a great many years and enjoy its editorials immensely. The one in the same number which contained the article I have been discussing entitled "A Shadow Over a Pleasant Land" was one of the most charming and graceful bits of writing I have read for a long while, and appeals to every one who has ever seen Maude Adams on the stage.

It may be unnecessary for me to add, too, that I am not a member of the Catholic faith.

If you have any information as to the correctness of my friend's statement, I shall be glad to hear from you.

H. H. GILKYSON.

[There are two distinct questions that should not be confused. One is this: Is the purpose of the Y to engage in Protestant propaganda? The other is this: Is the control confined to Protestants? Two corresponding questions may be made concerning the Knights of Columbus. Is the control of the Knights of Columbus confined to Roman Catholics? That is one question. The other is: Is the purpose of the Knights of Columbus to engage in Roman Catholic propaganda? The control of the one organization is undoubtedly Protestant; of the other is undoubtedly Roman Catholic. There is no evidence that we know to show that the Young Men's Christian Association has shown any purpose to engage in a Protestant propaganda among Catholics to turn them away from their faith.—THE EDITORS.]

"I have a sweet little story for you," says the charming authoress. "I am sure you like sweet little stories."

"Only one lump, if you please," says the Gentle Reader.

—*S. M. Crothers.*

JEFFERSON INSTRUCTS AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD ON THE FINE ARTS

Mr. Lawrence F. Abbott, Pres.,
Outlook Company,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

Remembering your recent discussion with an Outlook correspondent as to what constitute the fine arts, I was interested in reading in the February "North American Review" Thomas Jefferson's definition of the term in a letter written to his granddaughter, aged eight, and which I quote in full:

Washington, July 10, [18] '05.

My dearest Ellen,

To answer the question in your letter of the fourth I just observe that neither the number nor the particular arts entitled to that appellation have been fixed by general consent. Many reckon but five: Painting, sculpture, architecture, music and poetry. To these some have added Oratory, including within that Rhetoric which is the art of style and composition. Others again, add gardening as a 7th fine art. Not horticulture, but the art of embellishing grounds by fancy. I think Lord Kames has justly proved this to be entitled to the appellation of a fine art. It is nearly allied to landscape painting, and accordingly we generally find the landscape painter the best designer of a garden. No perfect definition of what is a fine art has ever yet been given. Some say that as those are mechanical arts which consist in manual operation unconnected with the understanding, those are fine arts which to manual operation join the exercise of the imagination or genius.—This would comprehend sculpture, painting, architecture and gardening, but neither music, poetry nor oratory. Others say that the sciences are objects of the understanding, the fine arts of the senses. This would add gardening but neither poetry nor oratory. A definition which should include Poetry and Oratory and no more would be very difficult to form. I have delivered your love to Mrs. Smith. I will bring mine to you all on Thursday, Friday or Saturday next. . . . God bless you all.

TH. JEFFERSON.

I note in this correspondence that the then President of the United States had been suffering with an imposthume under the jaw. I suppose an abscess by any other name would feel just as bad, but it occurs to me that I would hate to have an imposthume. I note, too, that Mr. Jefferson speaks of the "tag, rag and bob-tail," out of which I suppose our "rag-tag and bob-tail" has grown.

C. F. HILDRETH.

Freeport, Illinois.

ENGLAND'S CRIMES

WE cannot refrain from expressing our great surprise and regret that you have published such an article as appeared in the issue of January 5 under the title "British Rule in India," by one David Downie, missionary, who, as the name would indicate, is either Scotch or English. For you certainly cannot be ignorant of England's frightful massacre of hundreds of innocent men, women, and children at Amritsar, in the Province of Punjab. And this awful "frightfulness" was not committed in war times. It was not committed against an armed mob, but against a defenseless, helpless, peace-loving people. Search history to find anything more brutal and cold-blooded. Again, after the armistice was declared and the Peace Treaty was signed at Paris still England kept up the food blockade against the central empires, causing slow starvation of thousands who were entirely innocent. And yet you raised your voice mightily against the nation that committed the awful crime of sinking the Lusitania, when only a few *hundred* perished. Have you raised your voice against England's crimes?

English rule in India is a blot upon Christian civilization. Further, look at her bloody work in Ireland to-day. England is supreme in tyranny and merciless cruelty.

No, we are not pro-German or pro-Irish, but *pro-justice* and against injustice, whether at home or abroad.

By lending your magazine to such an article above referred to, one might infer that you approved of British tyranny.

In the above article Downie speaks about the East India Company and its "sphere of influence." Oh, yes, the world is beginning to understand something of the "cussedness" that is covered up

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by this seemingly harmless phrase "sphere of influence."

Poor old China is just about covered over with "spheres of influence," which, in plain American, means robbery.

If we have spoken strongly, it is because we feel strongly, and we believe the subject under discussion justifies it.

JOHN W. RUSK,
C. O. ANDREWS,
L. M. RUSK.

The Allandale Improvement Association,
Allandale, Florida.

NOT AMERICAN SENTIMENTS

ORDINARILY I am a law-abiding citizen, but when it comes to reading that such a man as Sir Arthur Shipley is met at the dock by "sandwich women" bearing such placards as "Anglo-American Friendship—Bah!" and "The English Employed Indians to Kill Your Ancestors," I am constrained to ask if there isn't some way of showing Sir Arthur and his countrymen that, though we don't carry placards, a lot of Americans do not share such sentiments. I claim the right to speak for *real*, three-centuries-old American families—my children number among their ancestors Richard Montague and John Mason, who came from England in the decade after the Pilgrims, and some of whose descendants *may* have been killed by "Indians employed by the English." A lot of them weren't, as Revolutionary and Civil War records testify. However, if we, their descendants, can bear that thought, why can't these people who *have* to write "The English Employed Indians to Kill Your Ancestors" (their own were doubtless in Ireland or elsewhere then and for a long time thereafter!) try and bear it, too?

I am much too busy bringing up Richard Montague and John Mason (Miller) in the rising generation to start reform movements, but surely some one has time to devote to such a praiseworthy object as organizing those of us who feel that England is indeed our mother country, and that we only insult ourselves in any attempt to insult her or to stir up trouble against her. Owen Wister, when he wrote "The Straight Deal or the Ancient Grudge," expressed my sentiments accurately, and at least one family is being educated to see things in that way.

HELEN MONTAGUE MILLER.

Sharon, Massachusetts.

A PLEA FOR BUDDHISM

IN the number of The Outlook for April 14, 1920, is an article called "Buddhism in a Frock Coat." This article, I presume, is true in detail, but it gives a most erroneous idea of the general religious life in the Buddhist world. You, I am sure, do not believe that Christianity is in any way promoted by printing disparaging reports of rival faiths; and you would agree that it is an illusive progress which would rise by pushing others down.

The erection of hospitals was common in Buddhist countries before the Christian era; so the Buddhist student finds the author of "Buddhism in a Frock Coat" committing an anachronism in implying that such social service is Christian rather than Buddhist in origin.

Debased forms of Buddhism may have prayer wheels and gods strange to us, but to pass judgment on its essential qualities because of these is like judging Christianity by the Calabrian peasants who whip the images of their saints when good crops are not forthcoming.

How much more in harmony with the sublime teaching of Jesus to treat others as you would be treated; to inform your readers of some of the good work which Buddhists are doing. May we not in the future hear something of the work of such scholarly and devout Buddhists as the great Burmese preacher Ledi Sadaw, and She Zan Aung, whose writings have been published by the Pali Text Society; and the translations of earlier writings by such scholars as the late Henry Warren, of Harvard, and Professor and Mrs. Rhys Davids?

A religion whose chief object is the annihilation of greed, hate, and ignorance and the development of unselfishness, love, and enlightenment can hardly be without its mission in the world to-day. E. H. BREWSTER.

Villa Daphnis, Sorrento,
Gulf of Naples, Italy.

[It is true that Buddhist hospitals appeared in India as early as 260 B.C. and are said to have been in their provisions comparable to modern institutions. But with the revival of Brahminism they disappeared and were not revived until the British ascendency in India. It is true that the West can learn from the East as well as the East from the West, but the difference between Buddhism and Christianity is more radical than our correspondent seems to think. Buddhism regards desire as an evil, seeks to extinguish it, and has for heaven Nirvana, which may be described as "unconscious existence." Christianity seeks to elevate and ennoble desire, to cure the evils of life by giving a more abundant life, and has for its heaven "life eternal."—LYMAN ABBOTT.]

IDEALISM AND COMMON SENSE

SINCE your journal has degenerated into an extremely partisan weekly, I have concluded to let my subscription expire. After reading your article "Forgetting 1920," in which you so intensely belittle "Idealism" and use the extravagant expression "every one of them [soldiers] reserved the liberty of going to war again," it seems to me that you have abandoned even the substitute for the Wilson League—the Association of Nations invented for campaign purposes, after suggestions by Taft *et al.* had been used in its (Wilson League) formation and Mr. Lodge had offered and discussed reservations to the same, now considered Idealism. If it is only idealism, why was it not rejected at first? Your journal favored it. I am desirous to see what you will substitute for idealism. NEAL T. SCOTT.

Ladonia, Texas.

[In the hearing of a member of The Outlook's staff Venizelos of Greece made a remark in Paris that he was a Realist. He said in substance: "I am a Realist. This does not mean that I am not an Idealist. The contrast is not between idealism and realism, but between idealism and materialism."

The trouble with most Realists is that they are not Idealists and with most Idealists that they are not Realists. To regain the sense of reality is not to lose one's ideals.—THE EDITORS.]

ONLY ENOUGH FOR PICKING

WE think The Outlook one of the very best magazines published; we have found it so fair and just in the recent Presidential campaign, and have enjoyed and appreciated every issue that has come to us; but we are cotton farmers, and cannot afford to renew our subscription. We will not, however, be without The Outlook, for a friend who lives in the city has offered to forward to us the different periodicals she takes, and we accepted her offer to send The Outlook, as we knew we would miss it more than any of the others we will have to drop.

Regarding the cotton situation, I wish you would look into it and write it up in your magazine, for I am sure few outside of the cotton raisers know what a hardship the reduction in price has worked on the cotton farmer and his family. The prices quoted in the market reports in our daily papers are not the prices being paid at the local markets. For instance, our local market last week was paying only 2¼ cents per pound for cotton in the seed, or 5 cents per pound for it in the lint. Cotton pickers require now $2 per hundred pounds and their board to pick it. So you can readily see that where the farmer is compelled to sell right away he is only getting enough to pay for his picking, with nothing left for the year's work, and cotton is a very hard crop to make and harvest. The Farm Club boys have to make a report of the expense of each acre cultivated, and, according to their report, cotton has been raised on my farm this year at a loss of $18 an acre, and they are required to charge labor at 10 cents per hour, whereas we had to pay $3 a day and board to have the cotton chopped in the spring and $6 a day for a man and team to cultivate. You will find, I believe, on investigation, that conditions are much worse among the farmers than the general public knows.

With best wishes for your success,

(Mrs.) C. M. PIRRONG.

Choctaw, Oklahoma.

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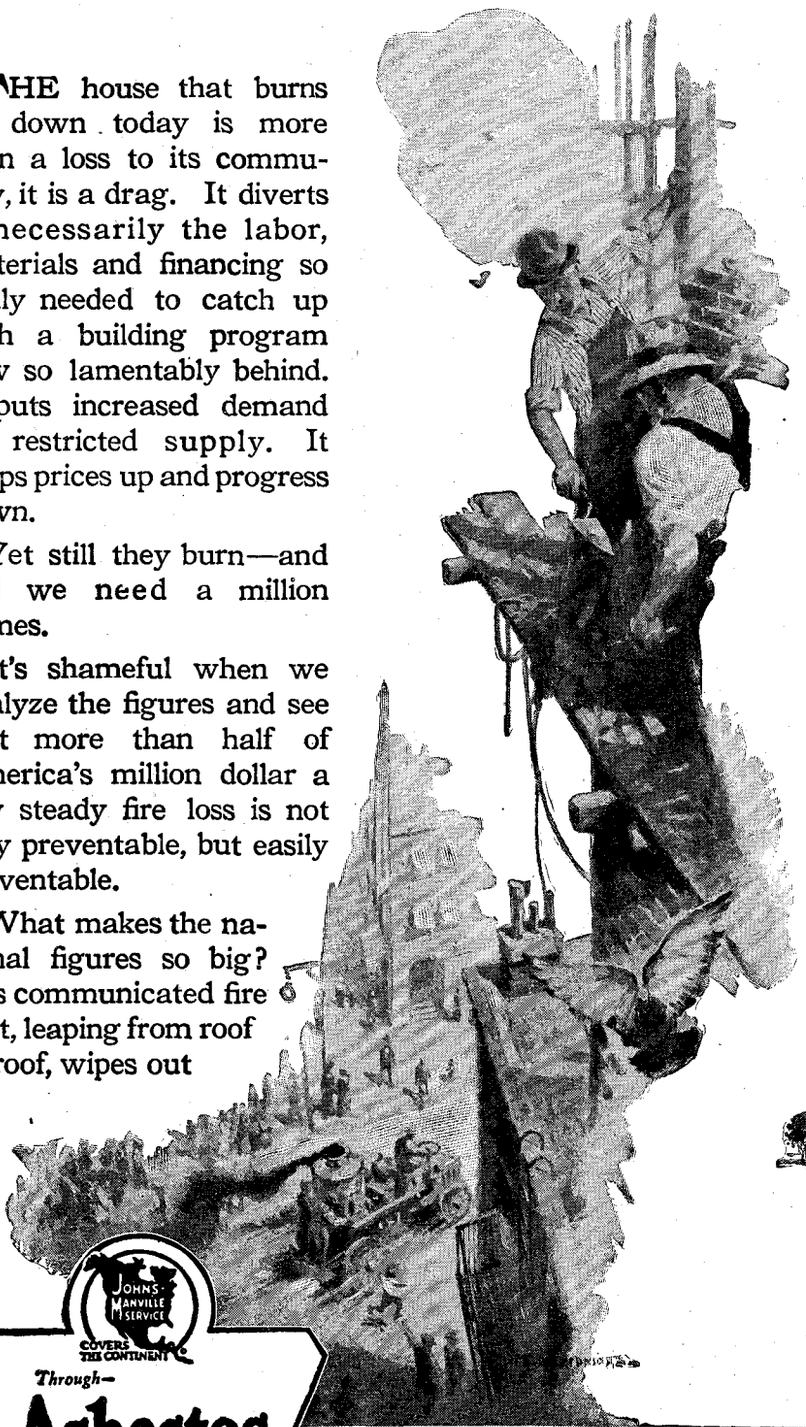

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY [1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Our First Employer-President

IN Mr. Varney's article, found on another page of this issue of The Outlook, we are informed that for the first time in our history the American people have chosen for the Presidency a practical employer of men. Was President Washington an employer of men? Test further Mr. Varney's statement by reviewing the occupations of our Presidents previous to their elections.

An employer of many men might tell you that Mr. Harding's ideas about the employment of labor may be all right for the small employer, but they are impossible fo rthe big employer. What response would you make to such a comment by a big employer?

Do you agree with Mr. Harding in his belief about work? Do laborers who do a day's work for a day's pay actually and literally benefit themselves from an *economic* point of view?

If you were asked to write a ten-point labor creed, what points would you include in it?

Define with care the following terms: *Diatribes, counterpart, logic, régime, closed shop, colloquial, automatons, anarchy, abstract motives, cant.*

The three following books are among the best dealing with modern industrial questions: "The Human Factor in Industry," by Frankel and Fleisher (Macmillan); "Mediation, Investigation, and Arbitration in Industrial Disputes," by Barnett and McCabe (Appleton); "The Making of To-Morrow," by Hayes Kobbins (Dutton).

The Unprogressive Prison

What, in your opinion, should be the fundamental aim in sentencing criminals? What argument can you give for the aim you champion?

It is perfectly evident that society must protect itself against criminals. Do you think society pays more attention to the punishment of criminals than it does to the removing of conditions which produce criminals? If you do think society pays more attention to the punishment of criminals, what explanation have you to offer?

Who are criminals? Can you suggest a better and more effective way of dealing with the problem of crime than that adopted by your community?

Should prisoners be producers? If they should, what do you think ought to be done with the products of prison labor? Is it reasonable to oppose the market along with goods not made in prison?

If you were the warden of a prison, how would you conduct it? Would you try to imagine how it would feel to be a prisoner and then treat your prisoners with that idea in mind?

Two excellent chapters to read are those dealing with crime and its punishment found in Hughes's "Community Civics" (Allyn & Bacon); Towne's "Social Problems" (Macmillan).

The German Indemnity

Should the Allies pay any attention to the protests from Germany against the amount of the indemnity and the method of paying it?

What is meant by "the power to tax is the power to destroy"? Has this power ever been used by the United States Government? If so, when and for what reasons?

Do you think the enforcement of the twelve per cent export tax provision on German goods would tend to destroy German initiative and ambition to pay the indemnity?

Is, or is it not, true that the thrift, the frugality, and the industry of one nation is economically bad for other nations? Should Germany be allowed to export as freely and as much as she can?

Do you wish to see Germany once more a prosperous nation and a nation with which all the other nations can be good friends? How, in your opinion, can these objectives best be brought about?

The German indemnity is largely a question of economics, and it would be well indeed if Americans paid more attention to the study of economic principles. For this object, among the most readable books on the subject are the following: "Principles of Political Economy," by Charles Gide (D. C. Heath); "Principles of Political Economy," by Professor Thomas Carver (Ginn & Co.); "Elementary Principles of Economics," by Ely and Wicker (Macmillan).

Define the following words: *Indemnity, aggrandizement, ethics, voluble, ad valorem, subtleties, jargon, initiative, publicists.*

Debs Stays Put

Did Attorney-General Palmer act wisely in recommending that Debs be released from prison? What reasons have you to offer in answering this question?

What are the pardoning powers of the President? Are they absolute? Can he pardon persons conditionally?

What is the difference between pardon, amnesty, and commuting a sentence?

If you were a Governor of a State or President of the United States, what principles do you think you would follow in granting pardons? What attitude would you expect those seeking pardon to show before you would pardon them?

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY conducts a genial column called "The Bowling Green" for the New York "Evening Post," and before that conducted a column for the Philadelphia "Evening Public Ledger." He is a graduate of Haverford College and was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford from 1910 to 1913. He is the author of numerous books, among them "Parnassus on Wheels," "Songs for a Little House," "Shandygaff," "The Rocking Horse," "The Haunted Bookshop," "In the Sweet Dry and Dry," and "Mince Pie." He has contributed extensively to American magazines. He is familiarly known as "Kit" Morley.

HAROLD LORD VARNEY was in charge of labor publicity for the Republican National Committee during the recent campaign. He had an exceptional opportunity in this capacity to study Senator Harding as an employer of labor. He discusses Senator Harding from the point of view of an active trade-unionist.

LYMAN ABBOTT contributes to this issue the third paper of his series entitled "Snap-Shots of My Contemporaries." His article on P. T. Barnum appeared in the January 12 issue. The second article was on John G. Whittier and appeared in the January 19 issue. Coming issues will contain Dr. Abbott's memoirs of President Hayes and Edwin Booth. Dr. Abbott is Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook.

B. ODGEN CHISHOLM is a vigorous exponent of better prisons. During the war he wrote extensively against the practice of denying our thousands of convicts and ex-convicts the privilege of serving their country in time of war. His office is at 66 Beaver Street, New York City.

HENRY HOYT MOORE, whose camera caught the winter impression of Madison Square, New York, which appears on the cover, is art manager of The Outlook. He has likewise long been responsible for the "By the Way" columns, which many of our readers assure us they invariably turn to first.

AWRENCE F. ABBOTT is President of The Outlook Company. He is the author of "Impressions of Theodore Roosevelt."

ARL HORTER, who is again represented in this issue, this time by an etching of the "Bridge of Sighs," is Vice-President of the New York Society of Etchers. He is largely self-taught in his art. Beyond a few lessons in the etching craft by Senseney, Mr. Horter has had no teacher save his own early and persistent passion for the arts.

What Is Nerve Force?

By PAUL von BOECKMANN

Nerve Specialist and Psycho-Analyst

EXACTLY what Nerve Force is, we do not know. If we did know, we would know the Secret of Life. We know this: it is generated by the Nervous System through which it travels at a speed greater than 100 feet per second. It is the Master Force of the Body, the force that controls every heart beat, every breath, the digestion of every mouthful of food we eat, the action of every muscle, and the life of every cell. It is the force that gives us courage, ambition, personality, character, mental power and energy—the Force that Drives us On, On and On.

Every mental impulse and every bodily act uses up a certain amount of Nerve Force. If we expend more Nerve Force than the system can develop, we necessarily become Nerve Bankrupts, and we then have a condition known as Neurasthenia, Nervous Debility, Nervous Prostration or Nerve Exhaustion. Since the greatest drain of Nerve Force is by way of the brain, it can easily be understood why mental strain, worry, grief, and of course, abuse of the reproductive functions, wreck the nerves so readily.

Nine people out of ten have weak nerves and are not aware of it. They think because their hands do not tremble, muscles twitch, or knees shake, that their nerves are perfect. Bear in mind that our nervous system consists of two great branches, the External and the Internal. Organic derangements and ailments are due to weakness of the Internal Nervous System, and not the External System, which mainly governs the external muscles. Note the accompanying diagram.

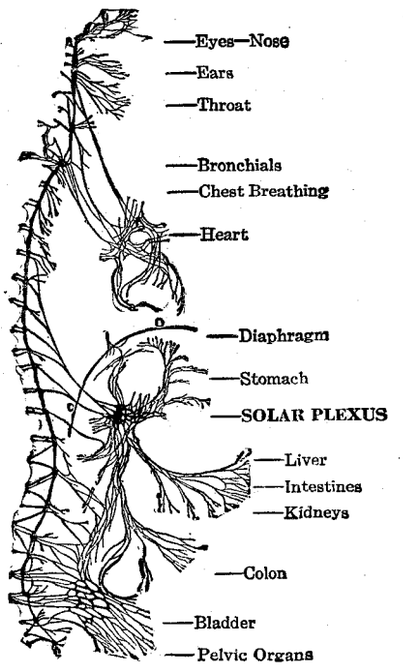

Diagram showing how the Solar Plexus, known as the "abdominal brain," is the great center of the Sympathetic (Internal) Nervous System. Mental strains, especially grief, fear, worry and anxiety paralyze the Solar Plexus, which in turn causes poor blood circulation, shallow breathing, indigestion, constipation, etc. This in turn clogs the blood with poisons that weaken and irritate the nerves. Thus mental strain starts a cycle of evils that cause endless misery, aches, pains, illness, weaknesses and generally lower mental and physical efficiency

The symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

First Stage: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling."

Second Stage: Nervousness; restlessness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; backache; neuritis; rheumatism; and other pains.

Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies; and in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental turmoil, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Arthur T. Schofield, M. D., the author of numerous works on the subject, who says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves be in order."

Hundreds of books have been written by Nerve Specialists intended as a guide in caring for the nerves and restoring nerve force. Unfortunately these books do not meet the need of the general public as they are written in technical and complex language. I have written a 64-page book entitled "Nerve Force," which in the simplest language explains hundreds of vital points regarding the nerves and their care; information every person should know. Students of the subject, including physicians, pronounce the book the most practical work on the subject which has ever been written. Large corporations have bought my book by the thousands for their employees. Physicians recommend it to their nervous patients. Extracts from the book have again and again been reprinted in magazines and newspapers, which is the strongest proof of real merit. The cost of the book is 25 cents. Bound in substantial leatherette cover 50 cents. Remit in coin or stamps. Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 331, 110 West 40th Street, New York City. I have advertised my various books in this and other high-class magazines for more than twenty years, which is ample guarantee of responsibility and integrity. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money PLUS your outlay of postage. So send for my book To-Day subject to my guarantee.

If your nerves have given you trouble, especially if your doctor has told you that your condition is due to your nerves, submit your case to me, and I shall tell you definitely the exact nature of your weakness, and whether I can help *YOU*, as I have helped over 90,000 men and women during the last thirty years.

I am a *Nerve Specialist* and *Psycho-analyst*, besides being generally experienced in all sciences pertaining to the Body and Mind. I have treated more cases of "Nerves" than *any other man* in the world. My instruction is given by Mail only. No drugs or drastic treatments are employed. My method is remarkably simple, thoroughly scientific and invariably effective.

Positively no fee is charged for a "*Preliminary Diagnosis*" of your case, and you will be under no obligation to take my course of instruction, if you do not care to. Do not explain your case in your first letter, as I shall send you *special instructions* on how to report your case and how to make certain "nerve tests" used generally by Nerve Specialists; and I shall send you *FREE*, other important data on the subject which will give you an understanding of your nerves you never had before.

I shall send you authentic records of numerous cases of Nerve Exhaustion I have corrected, which have never been equalled in the history of medical practice. I have corrected thousands of cases of extreme Nerve Exhaustion.

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"Your Men Have the Devil's Own Punch," said Foch to Pershing, "GO TO IT!"

When that great final offensive was being planned—the offensive that brought the Germans to their knees and put an end to the War—General Pershing picked the strongest, most vital part of the German line and hit it with everything he had. "You'll get away with it," said Foch, and "get away with it" they certainly did.

They went through the supposedly impregnable Argonne Forest, fortified twenty miles deep, as though such things as barbed wire, machine guns and shells did not exist; they stormed the heights of the Meuse; they fought through towns and villages, through fortified hamlets and open country-side; they won through to Sedan, cut that vital line of railway, and bottled up the German Army in Belgium. As Marshal Foch put it, "They were simply superb."

WHO WAS THERE THAT YOU KNEW?

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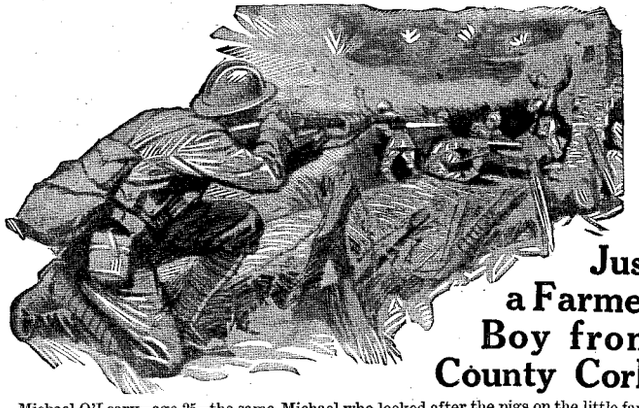

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A POLITE QUARREL

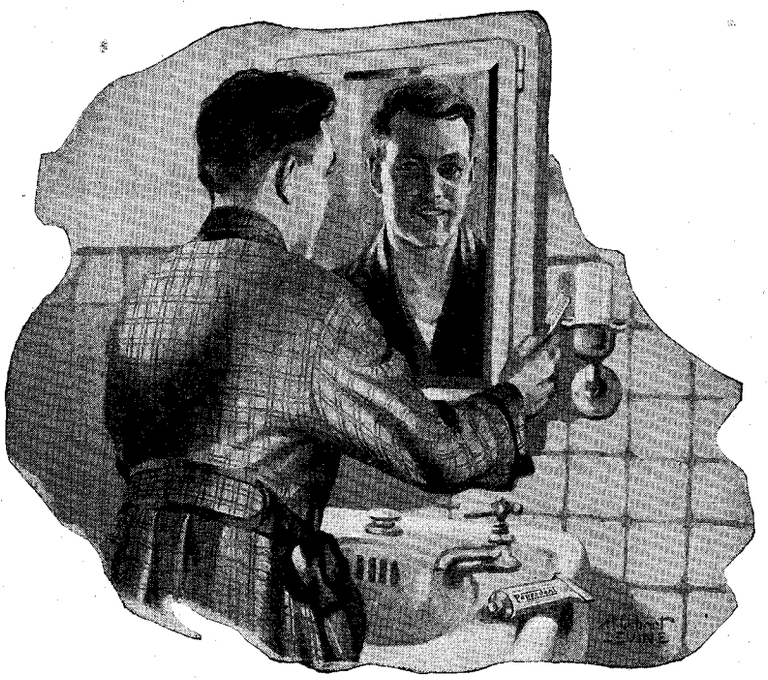
(P. F. Reniers in the New York "Evening Post")

If only the cinema could be personified and endowed with the faculty of writing just long enough to write its "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," the result would be highly diverting and not a little instructive to both its detractors and its champions. Not that the apologia would be less biased, say, than Colley Cibber's. Nevertheless, Mr. Cinema would know enough about himself to cast a magnesium flare over that umbrageous No Man's Land between the dugouts of the extremists. Adverse critics and ardent defenders never risk proximity of ideas. There is perhaps such a thing as too great preoccupation with argument to permit of reason. Surely, it can't be that they don't know! No one writes of the movies who doesn't know whereof he speaks. Goodness, no!

All of which is perhaps too long a prelude to a remark or two about a polite quarrel of recent date that flared up between Messrs. Pulsifer and Fuessle in The Outlook. Mr. Pulsifer's article was entitled "The World's Worst Failure" (as a high art), and it hardly seems necessary to proceed any further to the classification of the gentleman's attitude. Deferred hope hath sickened his heart. In answering him, Mr. Fuessle goes, not quite, but almost, to the other extreme. His heart beats a splendid tattoo, full of the vitamines of hope, or whatever they are.

Mr. Fuessle's jubilant defense is based on the fact that the motion-picture making is a business, a profit-grubbing affair. So far so good. He urges patience with mass production. Time may develop its artistic possibilities. But, after all, he qualifies, Why should we expect art when the producers do not try to produce art? They know, and he knows, he says, that the true métier of pictures is the manufacture of one melodrama after the other. In fact, "the motion picture is as yet bound to melodrama with fetters that neither its gallant Griffiths, its ingenious Inces, nor its dauntless De Milles [shuffle the adjectives if you like] seem to have been able to break."

Is that so? Does he recall, one wonders, a gentle little thing called "Conrad in Quest of His Youth"? William De Mille had more or less to do with that. If Mr. Fuessle sincerely believes that melodrama (that is, drama without motivation of character) is the best the motion pictures can do, perhaps he has overlooked an engaging piece entitled "Honest Hutch," in which Will Rogers showed melodrama and hammer-and-tongs comedy the door. Or perhaps he has forgotten Mary Pickford's fling at characterization in "Suds." The list by no means ends there; addenda upon request. The point is that producers know that something besides melodrama is possible, and now. Profits from that something else may not always be as imposing as those from melodrama, but business men in other industries would be satisfied with them. If Mr. Pulsifer is to season his extreme dejection with patience, Mr. Fuessle might well season his extreme patience with a dash of reasonable intolerance.



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If You Are Tired or Need a Change you cannot find a more comfortable place in New England than

THE WELDON HOTEL

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It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance. Good sleighing, snowshoeing, and skating now. Moderate weather.

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A large, perfectly appointed house with every modern comfort. Management of a graduate nurse. Only six guests. Sunny porches; cheery open fires; soft, restful colors; unusually good food; quiet, efficient service; the atmosphere of an ideal home. If you are tired or convalescing and want a week or two of satisfying rest, write now to

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Greenwich, Ct. First-class in all respects, home comforts. H. M. HITCHCOCK, M.D.

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Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 26 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred W. Seward, Sr., M.D., Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N.Y.

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Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. *Write for booklet.*

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An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D. (late of The Walter Sanitarium)

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A private sanitarium for invalids and aged who need care. Ideal surroundings. Address for terms Alice Gates Bugbee, M.D. Tel. 241.

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SPECIAL articles, speeches, letters, booklets, historical and biographical sketches prepared; any subject. Ruth Ridgell, 510C Ridge Arcade, Kansas City, Mo.

"SOME DON'TS" stirred both continents. Authors, painters, composers, historians, educators, scientists, poets. Copy 10c. A. R. Gillespie, E. 97th, Cleveland, O.

STORIES, poems, plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 325, Hannibal, Mo.

THE AIMS AND METHOD, A LIBERAL Education for Africans, by E. W. Blyden, 50 cents. Young's Book Exchange, 135 West 135th St., New York.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES

"MARY MOORE" romper dresses made of pink or blue imported crepe or black sateen embroidered in dainty colors make serviceable and attractive play frocks. If you cannot buy "Mary Moore" dresses from your dealer write for pictures. The Irish Linen Company, Davenport, Iowa.

LANTERN SLIDES

LANTERN slides made and colored. Highest grade work. 25 years' experience. Edward Van Altena, 6 East 39th St., New York City.

WOMEN'S GOODS

LADIES' FINE GLOVES in all popular styles and colors at new low prices. Write for booklet. J. Roucoules, Jr., 257 W. Main St., Amsterdam, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

COOKING for PROFIT. Earn handsome income; home cooked food, catering, tea room, etc. Correspondence course. Am. School Home Economics, Chicago.

INVENTIONS wanted. Cash or royalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 217, St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

WANTED—1,500 Railway Traffic Inspectors; no experience; train for this profession through spare-time home study; easy terms; $110 to $200 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors, local or traveling, under big men who reward ability. Get Free Booklet CM-27. Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

WANTED—Thoroughly competent woman as resident secretary for first-class Eastern girls' boarding school. Must be accustomed to meeting and working with refined people. Protestant. Rapid stenographer with experience in office methods. Good home and salary for the right person. Give full information (with small photograph if possible) in first letter. 9,451, Outlook.

WRITE photoplays: $25-$300 paid anyone for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary; complete outline free. Producers League, 438, St. Louis.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

RELIABLE Protestant woman as chamber-maid and waitress in Baptist Home for Aged. Wages $30 month. Room alone. 9,439, Outlook

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED — Gentlewoman as mother's helper to old American family. Three children, 3, 6, 4 years. Capable, strong, cheerful. Good home. Personal references required. P. O. Box 146, Ridgefield, Conn.

DIETITIANS, superintendents, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers, social workers, and secretaries. Miss Richards, Providence, East Side Box 5. Boston, Fridays, 11 to 1, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court. Address Providence.

PLACEMENT BUREAU for employer and employee. Housekeepers, matrons, governesses, secretaries, attendants, managers, dietitians, companions.. 51 Trowbridge St., Cambridge, Mass.

Teachers and Governesses

DESIRE small summer camp for healthy boy of ten, within two hundred miles of Albany, N. Y., where he will receive individual attention. 9,438, Outlook.

WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good vacancies in schools and colleges. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

SECRETARY-companion, or similar position where executive ability and superior qualities of a gentlewoman are of first importance. 9,445, Outlook.

LADY SECRETARY-STENOGRAPHER, long experience, desires position with out of door interests, possibly country life. 9,442, Outlook.

SMITH College graduate, holding executive position in private school, desires position for summer. Has kept house, and had business and social experience. References exchanged. 9,429, Outlook.

WANTED, by young, single, experienced farmer, position on farm. Preferably working manager in Virginia. C. S. Rutter, Jr., 612 Prince Edward St., Fredericksburg, Va.

EXPERIENCED working care taker, married, no children, would like a position about May 1. Lock Box 3, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

YOUNG woman, linguist, good traveler, will chaperon to Europe all or part of summer. References. 9,449, Outlook.

MATRON or housemother for school or institution, or care for children while parents travel. Capable of assuming all responsibility. Best of references. 9,450, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as matron or managing housekeeper in institution near New York City. In present position 9 years. 9,395, Outlook.

WOMAN of education and refinement desires care of household and children. Any section. Exceptional references. 9,421, Outlook.

CULTURED young woman as companion or governess. Experienced. Highest references. 9,422, Outlook.

WIDOW, experienced with young people, desires position as housekeeper or housemother in girls' school. 9,453, Outlook.

LADY with college education having lived 17 years abroad, wishes to be nurse-companion or guide to party traveling in U. S. or abroad during summer months. References exchanged. 9,454, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

PRINCETON senior wishes position as tutor or companion during next summer. Accustomed to outdoor life and sports. 9,428, Outlook.

MAN, 25, desires tutoring or part time teaching. Five years' experience. University student. 9,443, Outlook.

TRAVEL AND EDUCATION. College professor, experienced traveler, going abroad in June, would include several young men or students in his party. Tuition in college entrance subjects if desired. Apply 9,436, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

UNUSUALLY desirable stationery for personal, club, or business correspondence, 150 sheets bond note paper and 100 envelopes printed with your name and address $1.50. Write for samples. Lewis, 25 Hudson Ave., Troy, N. Y.

FOR SALE, genuine antiques. Wonderful highboy $500. Other rare specimens. "Parkway," Katonah, N. Y.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 44 West 22d St., New York.

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will send things on approval. No samples. References. 309 West 99th St.

INVALID or nervous patient cared for in physician's suburban home. Wife professional nurse. 9,386, Outlook.

OKLAHOMA farms. Write for free agricultural booklet. Board of Commerce, Shawnee, Okla

PURE extracted buckwheat honey in 10-pound pails. $2.75 postpaid in first, second, and third zones. Harris Bee Yard, Jefferson, Schoharie County, N. Y.

IS there a child needing a refined, Christian home with a mother's love and care? If so, address 9,455, Outlook

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Old Hampshire Bond

The letterhead is important. Too many firms neglect to give proper thought to their business stationery.

Standard usage, where stationery is really appreciated, is apt to be Old Hampshire Bond.

Paper so strong and clean and crisp adds force to any message. It gives a personality to the written word.

For any letter worth careful writing, use Old Hampshire Bond, the paper whose quality nobody can criticise.

Business is so largely a matter of human likes and dislikes, that

Stationery —good stationery —is well worth most careful consideration.

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It is tub-sized and loft-dried. Every process in its manufacture is carefully hand-controlled. The resulting paper is tough, strong, durable—and of the finest appearance.

Write for our new Book of Specimen Letterheads.

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South Hadley Falls Mass.

Special Real Estate Issues

This issue of The Outlook, February 16, contains special announcements of Real Estate for sale or for rent. Other important issues will be

March 16 and April 20

Send us information concerning your property and we will submit a suggested advertisement for your approval. The March and April issues will carry your advertisement at the height of the buying and renting season.

The cost of space is only 60 cents a line. Write us immediately to catch the March 16 issue. Address

Real Estate Department

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

BY THE WAY

ONE experience cured a writer in "To day's Housewife" of her interest in gossip. She had said of a girl friend "She dresses well on a modest salary and she must be a good manager, for I saw her show a good-sized roll of bills to a couple of girls to-day." This remark reached the girl's mother in this form: "One of Madge's friends who works in the office with her says she saw Madge accept a hundred dollars from one of the managers, and that explains how she dresses so well!"

President Rea, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in reminding his employees that when they travel on passes they should surrender their seats on crowded trains to pay passengers, said, significantly:

> Patrons, on all occasions, should be treated as guests, and whenever any question arises, we should sacrifice our own individual comfort for theirs. The railroads are judged in the public's mind as much by the conduct of their employees as by any other single factor. What the public thinks of the railroads, whether good or evil, will inevitably in its turn react upon the welfare of every one of us. It is, therefore, to our direct personal interest to give every passenger the best possible impression.

Gum-chewing seems for the present to be on a decline, according to the New York "World." That paper publishes the announcement that a great American gum-manufacturing company will omit its usual dividend this quarter, and follows this with the result of an investigation by its reporters as to gum-chewing in the subway cars. In 48 cars with an average of 59 passengers per car, only 6 gum-chewers per car were noted. English papers please copy.

German children seem to appreciate the work of American relief agencies, according to a Brooklyn "Eagle" correspondent. A Berlin school-teacher she says, was trying to instill in her scholars love and reverence for their parents. "Who is it feeds and clothes you?" she asked, expecting the parents to receive the credit. "The Quakers!" came the shout from fifty childish voices, whose owners had been the daily recipients of relief from the American Friends' Service Committee, which is supplying one hot meal a day to 600,000 undernourished German children.

A Southern family lost their colored housemaid, a subscriber writes, and took in her place a girl used only to field work. This one was first taught to use the carpet-sweeper. The next day she cheerfully asked: "Miss Jane! Miss Jane! Shall I go lawn-mow de parlah?"

The extent to which English is read throughout the world, and also the number of English and American business representatives in foreign lands who order books from "home," is indicated

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by a statement made by the Houghton Mifflin Company in that firm's answer to a questionnaire sent it by the State Department of Labor and Industry. The company says that it is exporting books to more than twenty foreign countries.

Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, which was badly damaged by fire recently, will, it is announced, be restored along its original lines, though with all the latest improvements. The church was built in 1847 and for many years has been one of the landmarks of Brooklyn. During the Civil War period, when Henry Ward Beecher's stirring sermons in advocacy of freedom for the slaves made Plymouth Church a National forum, it became so famous that strangers in New York City who sought it on Sunday were simply told to "cross Fulton Ferry and follow the crowd."

F. C. Burnand, one of the editors of "Punch" in its earlier days, on one occasion became seriously ill, and Sir Henry Lucy, who later succeeded him in his cheerful task, was asked by a London daily paper to write a column, *in memoriam*, about his friend. But Burnand recovered, and on being told about the matter he flashed out: "A column! I never thought I should get so much. Why, that's what they gave to Nelson in Trafalgar Square and the Duke of York on the top of the steps overlooking the Horse Guards!"

Pitfalls await every translator, but the victim is not always seen falling into one, for the original text is often not available to compare with a translation. The "Mexican Review," however, a subscriber points out, prints its Spanish pages alternately with an English translation, so that a reader can readily turn from one to the other. A recent note in the "Review's" Spanish section was as follows:

> Los chauffeurs de ciudad de México seran obligados, en adelante, a someterse a un riguroso examen, a fin de prevenir los accidentes.

This was turned into this remarkable announcement (italics ours):

> Chauffeurs in the future will be obliged to pass a rigid examination in Mexico City, *prior to precipitating accidents.*

Miles City, Montana, has the distinction, according to a Weather Bureau report, of having the greatest recorded range of temperature of any place in the United States. On its hottest day the Miles City thermometer recorded 112 degrees; on its coldest, 65 degrees below zero. These extremes were made endurable, however, it is said, because of the dry air and of the fact that a fine breeze blows at Miles City when it is hot, while during very cold weather the air is usually calm.

Illiterate sign-painters often seem to go out of their way to misspell short words. Here are two examples seen in New York streets: "RUBBER HEAL'S, 50c." "ORDERS TAKEN HEIR."

STRANGE that Stetson alone seems able to interpret the smartness and high distinction of the current style.

You have only to pull a Stetson snugly down on the forehead and look at yourself in the mirror to see what we mean.

Style, Quality and Sound Money's Worth assured by the Stetson Label in each Hat.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, Philadelphia

STETSON

Selected Gospel Hymns
A new book just issued. 271 Hymns and Scripture Readings, selected from the famous
MOODY & SANKEY GOSPEL HYMNS 1 to 6
A handy volume in durable cloth binding.
$50 per 100 Carriage extra
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Stands for Tycos
which means trustworthy THERMOMETERS for every purpose
Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER N.Y.
There's a Tycos or Taylor Thermometer for Every Purpose

A Young Man in California Who Earned $3700.

Don't Let the Expense Stand in the Way of Your College Education.

This student and hundreds like him earned his own college expenses by giving part of his spare time and vacations to interesting, dignified field work.

No house to house canvassing—no goods to be delivered. Each student is assigned an exclusive territory, often his own home town. He meets the finest class of people and receives a business training worth almost as much as his time in college.

No Cost—No Obligation

High school, normal school, private prep. school, college and university students are eligible. You have nothing to lose—everything to gain—by trying out the plan.
Write today for "Victory," the booklet that tells the story. The attached coupon brings it. Use it!

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Rather than wait for the inevitable price recessions, and in order to stimulate the return of normal conditions, we have already made substantial price reductions.

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It is suggested that, if you do not live in New York, you write Mr. W. R. Nicholson personally for an appointment, in advance of coming to the city.

ALSO MAKERS OF RIDING BREECHES, GOLF AND SPORT CLOTHES

A CASH OFFER FOR CARTOONS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

Cash payment, from $1 to $5, will promptly be made to our readers who send us a cartoon or photograph accepted by The Outlook.

We want to see the best cartoons published in your local papers, and the most interesting and newsy pictures you may own. Read carefully the coupons below for conditions governing payment. Then fill in the coupon, paste it on the back of the cartoon or print, and mail to us. THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

To the Photograph Editor of The Outlook:

The attached photograph is the property of the undersigned and is submitted for publication in The Outlook. Postage is enclosed for its return if unavailable. It is my understanding that The Outlook agrees to pay $3 for this photograph if reproduced as a half-page cut, or smaller, and $5 if reproduced in larger size than a half page. The enclosed brief account of the object or event depicted you may use as you see fit.

Name.....

Address.....

To the Cartoon Editor of The Outlook:

The attached cartoon is clipped from the

..... of the following

date ..... If this particular clipping is selected for reproduction in The Outlook, I will accept One Dollar as payment in full for my service in bringing it to your attention. I agree that if it is not used it will not be returned nor its receipt acknowledged.

Name.....

Address.....

PUBLISHER'S NOTES

WINNERS of contest No. 1 prizes in the first of our series of prize contests will be announced in next week's issue of The Outlook. This contest closed on January 31. Nearly one hundred contest letters rolled in on the last day of the contest alone. Contest letters came from forty-two States of the Union and from Canada and Mexico. The State of New York held the lead as to number of contestants throughout the contest. At the final count California stood second, Pennsylvania third, Illinois fourth, and Massachusetts fifth. Watch for the announcement of Prize Contest No. 2.

WE are informed now and then by subscribers that to be a constant reader of The Outlook means more to them than a college degree. What, then, was our surprise to find that a six-year-old miss out in Oklahoma had discovered that she too could read and enjoy "daddy's Outlook"? Jennie K. Hoover, of Paterson, New Jersey, holds a different view. She writes:

"Father is a Republican, mother is a Democrat. Big sister is a Republican, big brother is a Democrat. They all read The Outlook to each other, talk about what they read, discuss answers to Mr. Gathany's questions, and have a fine time. The younger children look at the pictures of The Outlook, but there is no reading for us, so we can't have a fine time talking, arguing, disagreeing and getting mad, as the big folks do. The Outlook doesn't tell its good things so we children can understand them. My Editor, could not the children have a children's department in The Outlook?" To this complaint Ernest Hamlin Abbott, Secretary of The Outlook, replied:

"*My dear Miss Jennie:* When The Outlook for February 9 comes to your house, look in it for the story called 'An Indian Winter's Tale.' I think that you will like this. This is not a story just for children. The best stories for children are stories that really wise grown-up persons can enjoy. We are going to try to find such stories and articles, but it is not very easy to find them. It is much harder to write simply and clearly than it is to write so that nobody but a very dull person can understand. Thank you for your letter."

UNLESS you are in the habit of keeping The Outlook for reference, it is suggested that you pass your copy along to a friend who is unable to subscribe. We would welcome letters from those who make a practice of sending their copy to some one else. The pass-it-along record seems to be held by the Western business man whose copy is mailed to five different addresses after he has read it, winding up on the reading table of his nephew's fraternity house at college.

FREDERICK JOSEPH RIECKER is the youngest boy carrier of The Outlook on record. He is two years old. He has eighteen regular customers in Richmond Hill, a suburb of Brooklyn. He is assisted in his work by his mother. It is suspected that this is easily the world's record of precocity in salesmanship.

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